

Silas C. Turnbo's

Fireside Tales

of

Madison County,

Arkansas.

Compiled by Scott Hensley

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## Preface

Silas C. Turnbo was born 26 May, 1844 in Taney Co. Missouri to James Turnbo and Felecia Coffee. On 28 January 1865 he married Mary Matilda Holt. They in turn had five children, Liza, George, James, Mary Ann and Fannie, all born in Keesee Township, Marion County, Arkansas. Silas served in the Civil War, C.S.A. Company A, 27th Arkansas Infantry.

The Silas C. Turnbo Madison County, Arkansas manuscripts are a collection of short tales, stories and vignettes that reflect life in Madison County and surrounding communities during the latter half of the 19th century. Several stories are included that are not set in Madison County but the individuals mentioned are connected to Madison County.

Mr. Turnbo traveled extensively in the region and wrote down the stories and recollections of Northwest Arkansas pioneers. These stories provide us with a snapshot life in the wilds of Arkansas.

There are several tales of the bad old days in Madison County recorded in this book. Some are recorded elsewhere. One such story was related to me by Mr Justin Garrett.

Mr Garrett's great grandfather Isaac Drake was too old to fight during the civil war. To avoid being killed by bushwhackers Isaac Drake would leave his cabin before daylight and return after dark to his cabin. During the day he would repair saddles and harnesses.

Scott Hensley

## FIVE CHILDREN WHO WERE SAVED FROM THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE

By S. C. Turnbo

Carrollton Hollow a tributary branch of West Sugar Loaf Creek in Boone County, Ark. was settled in the early fifties. This hollow was once embraced in Carroll County but when Boone County was organized it was cut off into the latter. The little valley has its source just east of Bear Creek. dome two or three years before the Civil War began the settlers who lived in the hollow built a small house of hewed logs and went into the forest and burned a lime kiln of lime stone and "painted" the house with lime and used the building for school and church purposes and was known far and near as the Carrollton Hollow School House. The part of the hollow where this house stood was a Broken Prairie Valley but since then it has all grown up in small trees and brush. The original house was destroyed by fire but another house of the same size and of the same kind of material was built on the same foundation where the first one stood. I am told that this last house has been removed and replaced by a much better one. One of the early settlers in this hollow is Dave Dunlap who came there with his parents James and Lucinda (McMurray) Dunlap in 1854 and was born in Newton County, Ark. December 29, 1837. His father died some time ago and lies buried in the cemetery one mile north of the school house. Dave Dunlap had several relatives murdered in the Mountain Meadow Massacre in Utah September 18, 1857. In speaking of his relatives who were slain in this cold blooded slaughter and some of the children who were saved from death, Mr. Dunlap said, "Two of my brothers Jesse and Loranzo Dunlap including their wives fell victims in this horrible affair. When the news of this massacre reached the people of Northwest Arkansas and Southwest Missouri it shocked them and an ill feeling against the Mormons sprang up among the people stronger than their ill will against the Indians, for most every one looked on Brigham

Young and his leaders as being the principal instigators of the cruel murder of these defenseless emigrants. Among the little children who were spared a horrible death on that bloody spot were Angeline and George Ann Dunlap two daughters of my brother Loranzo Dunlap and Louisa. Sarah and Rebecca Dunlap daughters of my brother Jesse Dunlap. All of these children that I name were married after they grew to womanhood. Angeline married Blairburne Copeing, George Ann married George McWhister, Louisa married Jim Linton, Rebecca married John Evans and Sarah married Capt. Lynch of the United States Army.

### **AMONG THE PIONEERS OF RICHLAND CREEK**

**By S. C. Turnbo**

Among the pioneer women of Madison County, Ark. is Mrs. Mary Ann Fritts daughter of Caleb Smith Hankins and Jane (nee Hankins) Hankins and was born on Richland Creek 12 miles west of Huntsville July 3rd 1838. Her father and mother were cousins and were married in the state of Tennessee where her father was born In the year 1813 and died the 6th of February 1906 at the age of 93 years and was buried in the Pinnacle Graveyard on the top of the mountain five miles from Richland Creek and two miles from White River. Her mother died in 1839 and lies buried in the Gibson Graveyard one mile from Wesley. In giving a brief history of herself and old time neighbors on Richland Creek she said that her and Charley P. Fritts son of John Fritts were married September 23, 1858. She said that the ceremony was performed at the home of her husbands father who lived on the south side of Richland one mile and a half above Wesley. Thomas Dotson a Baptist preacher officiated. Her husband died January 19, 1894 and lies buried in the family cemetery on the John Fritts Homestead. Mrs. Fritts says that among the names of the pioneer settlers along Richland Creek were George Sanders and Rhoda his wife, Jim Homely and Jennie his wife, Henry Fritts and Charity his wife. Henry was a brother of John Fritts her husbands father and also a brother of George Fritts who lived on White River in Marion County. Henry died long before the war. His wife died on the middle fork of White River and her body was brought to what is known as the Baptist Church House Graveyard where it received interment. Other settlers who lived on Richland were Boles Shoemach, John Austin, Alax Ross, John Homely, and his two grown sons Burrough and Jim. "My father and mother" said Mrs. Fritts "come to Richland Creek with their parents when they were small children. The settlers cabins were far between but they managed to make up a little subscription school which was taught

in a small log hut by a man by the name of Isaac Drake. They were nearly grown when this school was taught and they both attended it and as the government in the school room was rather loose they did some sparkling and made up their minds to marry and were betrothed in the school room during school hours and to complete their marriage ties they were married in this same building which was afterward known as the Baptist Church House and stood one half mile above Wesley. The old log building has disappeared long ago. The first and only school I ever attended was taught by John Wright in 1846 when I was 8 years old. Seats were made of logs with blocks of wood or stone placed under the ends of the logs to make them high enough to sit on. The house was made of round logs. Emiline Wright was one of my particular associates at this school. Ozan, Newt and Wash Sanders, children of George and Rhoda Sanders were students at this school.

William Lawson was the first man who sold goods at Wesley. He lived to be a very old man and went totally blind before he died. The first preaching I ever heard was done by Andy and John Buckhanan and Ben Pearson. The two first named were brothers. These men were Presbyterians. This was in 1844 when I was 6 years old. They held a protracted meeting of two or three weeks on Richland Creek above Wesley. These meetings were known then as camp meetings, following this were several other camp meetings held on the creek. My parents were much interested in the big meetings and would take all of their children with them to hear preaching. In those early days parents would not remain at home if they were able to go and say to their children 'Oh go along if you want to I guess we won't go.' They would lead the way. It did not seem that people went to meeting then to see and be seen, to make a noise and show their fine clothes. We would dress in our common home spun and many of us go barefooted. We would go in ox wagons, ox carts, walk or go on horse back and would often ride bareback. It was not surprising to see people

attend meeting then who lived from 9 to 20 miles distant. These were good old times then for the inhabitants seem to possess common sense for there was no foolish fashions and styles to follow then. I remember that in 1845 while one of these camp meetings were being carried on a young couple were united in marriage in the presence of a large congregation. The contracting parties were Elias Harold and Miss Lucinda Austin. This occurred on the creek one mile and a quarter above Wesley." In referring to the cemetery at Wesley, Mrs. Fritts says that an infant child of Mrs. Annie Lawsons who died in the early 50's was the first interment there. She also says that the first time she was at Fayetteville she was 10 years old or in 1848 and she recollects that the two Suttons, Jim and Senaca and Jim Allbright were merchants there.

**"PITCHER" POTTS AND COL. WM. C. MITCHELL OR  
CARROLLTON ARK. IN EARLY TIMES**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

The following old time amusing anecdote was written to me by Hon. S. W. Peel of Bentonville, Benton Co., Ark. The letter is dated July 19, 1904 and relates to the ways and manners of a saloon keeper and his customers at Carrollton Carroll Co. Ark. in an early day. In giving an account of it Col. Peel who is so well known in Ark. and who served in Congress a number of years said that the incident occurred when he was a small boy and that he was present at the time. Here is how Col. Peel states it. "I knew personally well all the characters mentioned and the facts given are actually true" said he. "The village of Carrollton come into notice in the pioneer days and was among the oldest trading points in Northwest Ark. The first saloon - as called now but then by the most refined grocery store - stood on the north side of the public square. The house was 14 feet square and built of round logs and covered with oak boards 4 feet in length. The boards were held down by round logs called weight poles, the door was in the south end of the building and the door shutter was made of oak slabs, at night this door was made fast after being closed by tieing it with paw paw bark which answered in place of a lock. The floor was composed of native earth. A huge puncheon which reached two thirds of the way across the house formed the counter. The fixtures and merchandise consisted of a barrel of cheap whiskey, one tin quart and one pint measure, a greasy deck of cards; a fiddle and a flint lock rifle. John Potts better known as "Pitcher" Potts was sole owner of the building and outfit. In those days Mr. Potts was considered a shrewd business man and his customers lived far and near. Peltry furs and bees wax were the principal articles of exchange. In one corner of the house was stacked the cakes of bees wax. In another corner was piled the

peltry and furs consisting of deer skins, coon, catamount, wild cat, otter and fox skins. Around this noted establishment the male population gathered day after day bringing the above named commodities to exchange for whiskey. Some times trade was quite brisk at other times exchanges dragged along slow. One gloomy rainy day customers did not come in very fast and business was rather dull until in the afternoon when those that had arrived in the forenoon had remained and the few coming in later on made up a fair crowd for a wet day but trade was slow. Though as stated several had collected but about all the exchange done for some time was talk. Among the party who lived in the neighborhood was Bill Mitchell afterward known as Col. Mitchell and who was the first commander of the 14th Ark. (Confederate) regiment. This man was endowed with plenty of wit and humor and enjoyed all the fun loving jokes he could pass off on his friends. He was also one of Potts regular customers. The crowd that day was not flush with money nor furs and peltry and soon exhausted their means in buying whiskey and drinking it. After their funds had run short trade dropped to a low stage and the conversation grew monotonous. Finally a hunter come in with a small deer hide and laid it down on the counter. "Pitcher" who was rather a polite and courteous fellow and was always on the lookout for a good trade ask the hunter if the hide was for sale and the hunter replied in the affirmative. "Well what do you want for it" said the grocery man and the hunter who looked like his mouth was dry said that he wanted something to drink which the proprietor readily interpreted as meaning some of his rotten whiskey and Pitcher promptly weighed the deer hide and told the hunter that it 'come to a quart'. And after tossing the skin in the corner where the other hides lay in a pile and drawing the amount of liquor equal to the price of the deer hide and handed it to the man who in turn passed the adulterated stuff around among the crowd until the contents of the cup was exhausted. But it was not

enough and it was not long before the men were licking their lips and getting thirsty again for the want of more whiskey. To purchase more of the stuff was a puzzle for "Pitcher" Potts abhorred the credit system and refused to trust his customers with a drink on time. But soon afterward Mitchell's fun and wit began to crop out and whispering to a few of his associates he stepped out of the building and passed around to the corner where the peltry and furs were deposited. The openings between the logs in the corner where these commodities lay was rather large, the owner being careless and not taking time to chink the cracks and Mitchell catching an opportunity while the proprietor was not looking toward that part of the house reached in and pulled the same deer hide out and stepping aside he carefully rolled the hide up and tied a cotton string round it without "Pitcher" seeing him. Though a light rain was falling but Mitchell did not enter the house until a newly arrived countryman came to Mitchell and after the latter explained how it was the man took charge of the deer hide and walked into the saloon and sold it to the proprietor. After the hide was weighed Potts said it "Just come to a quart" and threw the hide back in the same corner and drawing a quart of the liquid he gave it to the new arrival, who passed it around until the cup was emptied of its contents of course Mitchell got in the house in time to share his part of it. By this time all the men but "Pitcher" understood it and he was ignorant of the job put up on him. It was all some of the men could do to keep from laughing outright but they managed to keep quiet and after the expiration of a half an hour Mitchell went out again to the corner and pulled the same deer hide out the second time without being observed by the owner though the other men saw the trick but kept perfectly mum. Mitchell rolled the hide up again and tied it with another string that he had prepared himself with and gave it to a different man that was on the outside who went in and sold it to the dealer for another quart of whiskey and a division was made of it among

the settlers immediately. This was repeated again and the crowd was nearly ready to give in with loud rejoicing but a shake of Mitchell's head quieted them and soon after this Mitchell took the same deer skin out for the fourth time and sent it into the house and the man who took it in the house told Pitcher he had brought him a deer hide. The proprietor took the hide in hands scanned it closely for he had become suspicious that a trick had been played on him. He looked at it keenly and turned it over and untied it and unrolled it and after a thorough examination and hesitating a little he remarked that it was very strange that all the deer hides brought in that day were of the same size and weighed just the same number of pounds and was worth each exactly one quart of whiskey. This was more than the crowd could stand and they all laughed outright like the roar of a lion. It was now that Potts caught onto the game that Mitchell and the other men were up to and he joined in the fun and amusement at his expense and told the men that they had beat him for once and that it was his treat and stepped to the barrel and drew an extra quart of whiskey and passed it around free of expense. After this was consumed "Pitcher" informed his customers that he had better stop them cracks before he purchased any more deer hides."

**STORIES OF PIONEER DAYS IN NORTH WEST  
ARKANSAS**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

Among other things that we have written from time to time is the following account furnished me by J. M. (Jim) Upton a former resident of Northwest Arkansas but finally moved to the state of Oregon where he died at the town of Union in that state. A few months before his death he wrote me a long letter that contained some interesting accounts of early times at Shawnee town in Marion County and other places in N. W. Ark. Shawnee town the Indian village stood near where the main town of Yellville the county seat of Marion now stands. Mr. Upton written in his letter that the Indians passed through Marion County on their general move from Kentucky and Tennessee to the new reservation in the Indian territory. Some of them stopped at Shawnee town and camped there several days and the white people who lived there at the time were much interested in their character and habits which at that time were quite primitive. These Indians were principally Shawnees. Originally a part of the Kickapoo tribes which had been driven south by the Iroquois. The more important chiefs of the tribes had many wives and in some instances slaves to wait upon them. They were a very long headed race, with hair like a horses mane, and were savage and brutal in their treatment of each other. I remember as a boy the striking manner in which the big fellows would stalk through the camp, contemptuously kicking over any women who happened to get in their way and how they would wake their squaws, to get up and make a fire in the morning, by smashing them over the head or face with a billet of wood. These were the noble red men that we use to read about in the books. Their next camp after leaving Shawnee town was in the Crooked Creek Valley where Harrison now stands. Living there then were Jack and Lon Baker, old man Beller, Mending

Hall and Loranzo Rush who were living very much as the early Indians did, having little or no communication with the outside world."

In giving accounts of other matter in the early history of Northwest Arkansas Mr. Upton went on to say that after leaving Shawnee town that the family he was living with went on west and stopped on Osage Creek in Carroll County "and there we found Charley Sneed, James Fancher, old man Kenner and two or three other pioneers doing well after the fashion of those days. From there we went on to War Eagle, eight miles south of the present site of Huntsville in Madison County and found that quite a little community had sprung up there also, including Tom and Will Jackson, Henry McElhan Bill Henderson and John Martin. They were all farming without fences; they didn't need them much for there was only about one cow, ox or horse to the family and they were kept at work most of the time, but there were plenty of bear, deer, turkey, coon and opossum which we all feasted on plentifully. Our corn at first was carried from Cane Hill, some 40 miles on our backs, in sacks, to make what little bread we had and furnish seed for the future crop.

To get it into meal we would chop down a tree, build a fire on the stump and burn a large bowl. We then dressed it out by scraping out the charred wood and fixed over this a spring pole with a pestle on the end of it and beat our corn into meal quicker than you would think. In addition to this contrivance we would peel a large elm tree leaving the bark in the shape of a bucket, at one end of which a deer skin with small holes punched in it was stretched, and this made us an excellent sifter which held back a little of the coarser husks of our precious corn." The contrast in the mode of travel and the manner how farming operations were carried on in the early days and the present time is wonderful and no doubt improvements will be developed on the present way as

time goes on. Here is how it was done in the primitive days as told by Mr. Upton.

"As farming operations developed we all had to have some sort of a vehicle. Some made sleds and others crude carts to haul their products in; some drove a cow, others an ox, and a few horses. Their harness was chiefly made of hickory bark, with collars and harness in a single piece cut from maple wood."

As soon as we began to grow corn in any quantity we built big rail pens for it, and then we started corn shucking. The whole neighborhood would turn out in the fall evenings and shuck corn, first for one man and then for another, after the corn shucking we would let all the furniture out of the house for a dance. This was no small job, for the bedstead had but one leg and for the other three were fastened to the wall. The chairs were blocks sawed from a tree with pegs stuck in them and the table was a very heavy cumbersome affair, frequently too big to get through the door without being taken to pieces."

Some had dirt floors, but the more aristocratic ones had puncheon. The puncheon floors were made from logs cut long enough to reach across the house, split open and then hewed somewhat flat on top. These floors were a little rough but we danced just the same, then as the night wore on and we mellowed to each other more we would bring in chairs for our girls and play one good long play. Before starting home in the moonlight, in this play we would all join hands and sidle around singing that good old song:

Ah Sister Phoebe how merry are we

As we all sit under the juniper tree.

Put my hat on your head to keep you warm

And take a sweet kiss T'will do you no harm.

And then we took several to wind up the evening fun." The

foregoing statement as given by Mr. Upton certainly portrays the ways and customs on the War Eagle River in those early periods which held good among the settlers all over Northern Arkansas and other parts of the Ozark region going on with his letter Mr. Upton said that "our clothes were all made of flax or tow those days, and pure white, - until they got dirty. Both boys and girls wore very long white skirts, the boys with gores in the sides and the girls with drawstrings around the waist. The girls wore white tow bonnets, scooped shaped, and the boys coonskin caps. All were bare footed up th the age of 14 years old. Our young people today will find it interesting to contrast their present condition and advantages with their condition 70 years ago."

**A WAY BACK IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MADISON  
COUNTY, ARK.  
By S. C. Turnbo**

On the 5th day of July 1906 I had a pleasant interview with Mr. E. B. (Ben) Hager who was then living on the north bank of the Arkansas River where the McKinzie Ferry is now and is sometimes called the Rocky Ford Ferry. This crossing is at the mouth of Coweta Creek Indian Territory, Creek Nation, and 7 miles from the town of Haskell. Mr. Hager is an early settler of Madison County, Ark. He is a son of C. A. (Christopher) and Almedia (Rogers) Hager. His mother was a daughter of Joe Rogers. Ben Hager was born in Warren County, Tennessee February 29, 1848. His parents left their old home in Tennessee when Ben was less than three years old and traveled in a two horse wagon to the Mississippi River where they sold their wagon and team and embarked with their household on a steam boat and came up the Arkansas River to Pine Bluff where they stopped a few days and then got aboard of another steam boat and went up the river as far as Van Buren where they disembarked and hired a man to haul them to Madison County in a "slow get along" ox wagon. On arriving there they stopped on Holmans Creek a stream that empties into the War Eagle River where they made their home two miles south of the town of Huntsville. Mr. Hager said that when his parents settled in Madison County, Ark. they had 9 living children and 4 of their children had died in Tennessee before they left there. In a few months after settling in Madison County Elizabeth their youngest child was born which made the 10th living children. The names of the other children who were living when we settled on Holmans Creek were John, Tom, Simon, Jim and Robert were the boys and Bibra Ellen, Jane Mary Ann and Charity were the names of the girls. It was in the year 1851 when we arrived in Madison County and all this world's

goods that my father and mother possessed when we got there was provision enough to last us three days, one coon dog and 5 cents in silver. The town of Huntsville at that time contained a few business houses and several residences. The names of some of the citizens who lived in the town were John, Hugh and Tom Berry. The two first named were brothers, Chelsey Boatright, Even Polk, Doctor Sanders, Pat Sanders, Sam Kenner, John Pitner and Hugh Pitner the last two of which were merchants. Sam Alderson and John Simpson. In the country south of town were John Hays, John Boatright, John Proctor and Ambrose Proctor, Baily and David Gilliland who were brothers and Abe McConnell who owned and operated a big tan yard near where Col. Mitchell and his regiment took winter quarters in December 1861. There were also Dick Witherow who was a very old man. Mrs. Lucinda Killian whose husband Sam Killian died in Warren County, Tennessee, then there was the old man Fielding Parks. Solomon and Bill Kimbell who were sons of the widow Kimbell, Joe Simpson who was a Methodist preacher, Jim Phillips, George Ledbetter and Henderson Bohanon and his son Bill.

My father was a Methodist preacher and held and assisted to conduct a number of revival meetings at his own house and other settlers dwellings or under an harbor made for the purpose where there was plenty of good spring water to drink. I had no opportunity to attend school before the breaking out of the war but I went to school one month just after the end of the war. This school was taught at the Parker School House by Mrs. Jacobs whose husband was killed in the war. She was a daughter of old Bobby Black. Many of the old settlers of Madison County would go on camp hunts for big game. The chief hunting grounds for the men of our neighborhood was usually on the head of Drakes Creek a tributary of Richland Creek. I remember on one occasion when it was lapping time for bear, my father took me out with him and his friends on a bear hunt. I was a boy and did not count

for a man but they made me useful about the camp to cook and take care of camp while the men was hunting. The men took their guns, dogs, pack horses and an ox wagon. The horses were used to carry the fresh meat and hides to camp and the wagon and oxen were used to haul it home. I remember that Ephraim Gourd, David Russell and John Proctor went with us on this trip. The time was in the fall of 1857. This time we went into the mountains up toward the head of the War Eagle River where we killed 11 bear during one day on this trip which gave the hunters plenty of work in removing the hides, caring for the meat, and taking it to camp on the horses. I well remember an incident one day just after they had slain so many bears. One of my fathers dogs was named Sweeper. He was a favorite and faithful animal on the chase. On that day the men had all scattered out on the hunt. Very soon my father returned to camp and reported that he had killed one bear and Mr. Gourd had killed another one and was pressed for help and he took me back with him to help take care of the meat. On our way back the dog, Sweeper, encountered an old bear and two yearling cubs. As the dog darted at the old one she whipped the young bears and made them climb a tree. She followed and made the cubs go further up the tree. This was in plain view of us and when ray father got in close gun shot range of the bears, I sit down behind him while he shot and reloaded his gun and continued to shoot until the trio of bears had fell out of the tree and lay dead under the bows. These three and the other two made 5 bear killed that day and these added to the 11 other bear that had been killed in one day made a total of 16 bear killed on this trip. This was the most exciting and successful bear hunt that I ever was on. It furnished us all an ample supply of bear bacon for summer use. We not only accumulated a fine supply of bear meat but the men killed several deer and added to it all we took home some rich honey comb, Do not understand me to say that we took all this meat hide and honey back home in the one

wagon for we had to send back home for another wagon and team of oxen to help take it all."

Mr. Hager says that his father was 88 years old when he died. His death occurred in 1898. He is buried in a grave yard near Crawford Texas. His mother also died in Texas and is buried in a grave yard on the Brazos River 18 miles above the city of Waco.

**READING THE BIBLE BY THE REFLECTION OF LIGHT  
FROM A BURNING TOWN**

**By S. C. Turnbo**

One that never experienced the terrors and destruction of life and property in Civil War days can hardly realize the awful damages done by either armies. Cities, towns, villages, and dwellings were all liable to go down in smoke and ashes. Mr. Ben Hager, who was a young fellow during the Civil War and who lived in Madison County, Arkansas, relates an account of the burning of Huntsville, the county seat of Madison. He said that he did not see the town while it was burning down but he saw the light of it. Here is how he told it.

We were living on Holmans creek two miles south of town.

The destruction of the place occurred about the last of February, 1863, and was set on fire on account of three men being killed near there. The town burned in the night while the weather was calm, cloudy, and no moon. I stood in the dooryard at home and watched the light of the burning town several hours. A high hill lay between our house and the town. The reflection of the fire was so bright and distinct that my father took his family Bible out into the yard and read nearly a chapter in the Book by the reflection of light from the destruction of the town. The only business houses left were Sam Kenners store house and Tom Berry's Hotel and Even Polk's Hotel with seven or eight dwellings among them was a house that belonged to Mr. Polk and one that belonged to Dr. Sanders. There were estimated to be 150 buildings of the town destroyed by fire.

**LAST HOURS OF JOHN FRITTS**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

The western part of Madison County, Arkansas, like all other sections of northwest Arkansas was bathed in blood during Civil War days. The suffering of the people on both sides—federal and southern—was almost unbearable. Old men were taken from their dwellings and put to death in a cruel way and their bodies weltered in the blood and were left to be either picked up by the women and children and given as decent burial as the surrounding circumstances would admit or left for the wild beast or fowls of the air to devour. I earnestly hope the horrors and brutalities in those awful days of carnage and butchery will never be repeated again. War Is fearful. It crushes men to death, starves women and children, demoralizes the human race, and makes incarnate fiends out of men. The American people were taught a great lesson in our late war. The lesson is so important that they will never forget it and we trust that all the people in the United States will live in peace and harmony as long as our government exist as a nation. May peace and good will prevail among all nations as long as time lasts and every human being on the face of the earth ought to pray and work to that end. This is enough for the present and we will go on with our story.

John Fritts was an early settler on Richland Creek in Madison County, Arkansas. His wife was named Jane and their home was one and a half miles above the village of Wesley. The names of their children were Henry, Preston, Alexander, Wright, George, William, Peter, Frank, Charley, Elizabeth, and Mary. John Fritts was a brother of George Fritts who lived on the north bank of White River in Marion County. He was a great lover of sugar and has been known to consume one or two pounds at a time without any injurious effects. In the year 1857 he paid his brother George Fritts a visit and the two brothers enjoyed themselves hunting and fishing together along White River in Keesee township. One day

they went up to the village of Dubuque and spent the day among the settlers who had congregated there. Some of the men got into a discussion as to who could eat the most sugar and John Fritts remarked that he could consume three pounds at one sitting which some of the men disputed. They contended that it was impossible for one man to eat that amount of sugar at one time and live over it. Fritts declared that he could eat that amount and never grunt from the effects of it. "Well, If said one of the men, "if you will promise to eat three pounds of sugar without stopping we will pay for it." "All right," said Mr. Fritts, "weigh the sugar and put it on paper on the counter." And they did so and Fritts commenced the work of putting the three pounds of sugar down his throat out of sight. The pile of sugar gradually grew less in size until it all disappeared which astonished everyone present except the one who ate it. But their astonishment was much greater when they found by waiting that Fritts' glutinous appetite for sugar was followed by no bad results. John Fritts was a well-to-do man and had many friends. When the war broke out he sympathized with the union and was killed during the war. The account of his death was furnished me by Mrs. Mary Ann Fritts, a daughter-in-law of his. She said that in the early part of the night of July 27, 1864, a party of men dashed up to the yard fence and dismounted and some of the men ordered Mr. Fritts to come out into the yard. A sister of Fritts' wife named Elizabeth was there that night and a man of the name of John Guin was also there. Fritts and Guin were upstairs asleep and the women were downstairs. There were none of the children at home except the little ones. Not getting any answer, part of the men entered the house and made a search and found the two men in bed asleep and awoke them in a rough manner and ordered them both downstairs. They were reluctant about going but understanding that they would be shot in the house if they did not go and they yielded to the demands of the murderers and was conducted downstairs. Mr. Fritts' wife and her

sister pleaded in vain for the heartless men not kill them. After getting outside of the yard they took the two men into the woods a short distance from the house and shot them. The wife bent in sorrow and grief heard the report of the guns and the woman and her sister leaving the little children at the house hurried through the darkness in the direction they heard the report of the guns and found them alone. The wicked men had done their horrible work and left. Mr. Guin was dead and Fritts was unconscious and dying but lived two hours after the arrival of his wife and sister-in-law. A heavy thunder storm was approaching and the rain soon began to pour down. Bright flashes of lightning lit up the darkness at short intervals followed by loud peals of thunder In quick succession. It was a night of horror and dread. The troubled wife and her sister sheltered the dying man from the rain storm the best they could which was but little. The earth was drenched with rain and the ground was covered with water. Fritts was almost gone. He knew nothing of the rain drops that fell on him nor the little rivulets that run about him and flowed under him nor could he see the lightning flash nor hear the crashing thunder nor the roar of the wind. Neither did he know that his kind and devoted wife was present and with an almost broken heart and moans for her dying husband was crying and listening at his departing breath and feeling the flickering heartbeats as he was passing into the other life that we all have to enter sooner or later. When he gave up his life and was no more the faithful wife and her sister remained with the two bodies and kept watch over them in the darkness and rain until daybreak when assistance was procured and the two dead men were carried to the house. Fritts' two sons Charley and Henry and John Guin son of the murdered man prepared the bodies for burial. There was no chance to procure coffins but they made two rough boxes in which the bodies were enclosed. Two graves were dug on the John Fritts farm and the two boxes containing the bodies were carried to the new made graves and

lowered into the vault and the dirt filled in and thus two more victims of the cruel war were gone from this world where there is no wars.

**THE OLD WINTER QUARTERS OF COLONEL  
MITCHELL'S REGIMENT  
OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS OF THE WINTER OF  
1861-2  
By S. C. Turnbo**

The author remembers being at the camp ground of the 14th Arkansas Regiment of Infantry C. S. A. when it was in winter quarters in Madison County, Arkansas, in the winter of 1861-2. My father J. C. Turnbo was an officer in Captain Lewis Hudson's company of that regiment and I visited my father in the early part of December, 1861, when they made their permanent camp there. It has been so long that my recollections of the locality of the camp has faded. But Mr. E. B. (Ben) Hager who was a resident in Madison County when Colonel Wm. C. Mitchell the commander of this regiment was camped there. He says that the regimental winter quarters was in a hollow that flows into War Eagle River and 3 ½ miles from Huntsville. The ground occupied by the men was once known as the old camp ground where a number of big revival meeting had been carried on long before war times. A fine spring of water which was nearby furnished plenty of water for the soldiers as well as the meeting folks. Colonel Mitchell used the old harbor for the storage of commissaries by having it stockaded or making sides to it with logs, poles, and lumber. The land on which the regiment camped on belonged to Neal Does and was on the main road leading from Huntsville to Ozark on the Arkansas River and was one-half mile from the War Eagle River where the ford was known as the first crossing. This ford was four miles from Huntsville.

**AWFUL CRUEL TREATMENT**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

The following narrative of a band of robbers inflicting a horrible torture on a citizen of Madison County, Arkansas, during the Civil War was given me by Mr. Ben Hager which he told in these words.

"A man of the name of John Sights or Sykes as he was commonly called lived some ten miles northwest of Huntsville in what was known as the Barren settlement. Some people called it 'Calico Settlement.' He lived near where a man of the name of Carlyle, a Methodist preacher, kept a store, or in other words he lived close by where the town of Hindsville started up after the close of the war. Hindsville took its name from Johny Hines, on whose land the town was built on. Mr. Sights owned a number of slave property and had accumulated a good sum of money. His wife was dead, leaving 5 children, 4 sons and one daughter. Two of his sons were in the confederate army and two others whose names were John and Richard belonged to the federal army. Mr. Sights himself was a southern sympathizer. His daughter was named Katie and was an honest and trusty. She was 17 years old when the war broke out. Mr. Sights being convinced that the country would be over run by robbers and thieves of all sorts decided that he would turn all his money over to his faithful daughter and let her take it and the slaves to southern Texas. One night in the fall of 1864 a set of cutthroats rode up to Sights house., dismounted and went into the house and told Mr. Sights in a threatening way to give up his money. His answer was, "I won't do it, you devils. And they told him that they would make him do it. "Well," said he, "go to work if you think you can make me do it, you heathenish set of scoundrels." And without further words they proceeded to put their nefarious threats into execution, and strung him up by the neck and let him hang awhile and let him down. After he was able to under-stand what they said they told

him that they would kill him if he did not surrender his money to them. "Kill and go to the devil, you cannot get my money," said he. Then they strung him up the second time and let him hang a little longer than before., then lowered him and after he had revived, they said, "Now give up your money." But he stoutly refused. The merciless men now informed him that they would resort to the fire and they guessed he would yield to burning. They tied his feet fast together and his hands behind his back and took his shoes and socks off his feet and when this was accomplished the wretches picked him up and poked him feet foremost into the fire and pull him back then jab them into the fire again, they repeated this again before they desisted. But he resisted it all without yielding the least bit. They threatened to torment him worse if he did not hand over his gold but he told them, "No, he would die first." The robbers were disappointed and tried the same means of torture over again which was more cruel than before by shoving his feet deeper into the fire and continued their damnable work until the flesh on his feet was burned to a crisp and the flesh on his legs were cooked halfway to his knees. During the awful suffering he was undergoing he informed his tormentors that only one other person knew where his money was and that she was true and honest and they would never come in possession of it. They had burned him so horribly that he was more dead than alive and thinking he would die in a few hours they left him. There was a few people yet living in the neighborhood and one of them happened to pass by the house on the following morning and on discovering his terrible condition and word was sent out and some of the people what was left from the effects of the war gathered in and cared for him. An army surgeon who belonged to the federal side was sent for and he come and amputated both legs above the knees and after long patience and suffering he took a turn to improve and finally got well and survived the war 4 years and soon after his four sons had

returned home and his daughter had come back from Texas. He told them to make use of his money and they invested it in goods and owned a store in Hindsville."

**HE ENDURED THE TORTURE AND DID NOT YIELD UP  
HIS MONEY**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

Among the number of accounts I have gathered relating to tortures inflicted on helpless old men in war days by the ruthless robbers and jay-hawkers is one told me by Mr. Ben Hager, who said that a man of the name of Jonathan Moody lived on Holmans Creek a few miles northwest of Huntsville, Arkansas. He was a well to do man and had plenty of property when the war come up and was known to have plenty of gold and silver. One night during the last days of December, 1863, when he was 57 years old a band of jay-hawkers swooped down on him and demanded his money. He told them he had no money to give them. They disputed his word and threatened to use violence to him if he did not give them his gold and silver. He persisted in denying having any money. But they told him he was a liar and they would hang him if he did not give it up immediately. "Hang if you want to but you won't get any money from me," said Mr. Moody. This greatly angered the bandits and they tied his hands and a rope around the mans neck and putting the other end of the rope over a beam in the house they pulled him up and after suspending him a short while they let him down and as soon as he had partially recovered from the strangle and strain, they made another demand for money and he informed them that they Could not get his money. "You can hang me till I am dead. My money is out of your reach and you are not able to lay your hands on it." The independent and defiant answer from their helpless victim made the scoundrels more angry, and "We'll torture you with fire," said one of them and they proceeded to put their threats into execution. "Burn me if you desire to and may God attend to you for your wickedness," said he. The robbers took off his shoes and socks and tied him down to the floor with his naked feet resting on the hearth and after getting all their preparations made for the torture

they proceeded to dip up live coals of fire and hot embers and dropped the fire and embers on his feet and ankles. The old man's sufferings was awful, but he endured it as calm as he possibly could and never give in to them. He cursed them all the time while they were burning him and told them that they could scorch him to death but they could not force him to give them his money. Finally after they had abused him unmercifully they untied him and went out of the house and mounted their horses and rode off. His feet had been burned so severely that it was many weeks before the sores got well and the toe nails were scorched so bad that they come off. He was alone when the bandits attacked the house. He lived through the remainder of the war and was alive when I left Madison County in the fall of 1865.

### **FAITHFUL AND TRUE**

**By S. C. Turnbo**

We have mentioned on other occasions how true and noble the women were in war times. Those brave hearted souls saved many men from being put to death. If it had not been for a number of these fearless women there would have been worse things done than were done and a much less number of men would have come out of the awful conflict alive than did. The author has contended since the close of the great Civil War that every county in each state of the whole United States ought to build a monument in the court house square of each county seat in honor and memory of the true and faithful women who did all they could to save life and property, help the needy and who contended so faithful for the side they claimed to love best. We have read in history how a true and noble wife has sacrificed her life to save her husband from a horrible death. It is also recorded in history that men and women who embraced Christianity would suffer death at the stake rather than renounce the name of their beloved Saviour. So it was in war times when our great United States was convulsed from the east to the west and from the gulf to the north with blood and death. May our country never experience such a time anymore. With this much said in favor of those true and fearless wives and daughters we will now proceed with our account which relates to a horrible affair that occurred in Civil War times in northwest Arkansas. The story of which was furnished me by Mrs. Mary Ann Fritts who said that Henry Fritts was a son of John Fritts who lived near the village of Wesley in Madison County, Arkansas. His wife's name was Sally and was a daughter of "Kyer" Burchet. Fritts and wife had three sons whose names were Frank, John and Dan. The country there in war times was infested with thieves and bushwhackers of both sides. Every house had been visited from time to time by this class of cutthroats. One day in winter time while there apparently appeared to be peace for awhile in the

neighborhood where Fritts lived, Mr. Fritts concluded he would remain at home a few days and prepare some sugar from the sap of the sugar trees that grew so abundantly in the mountains and so taking his eldest boys into the mountains where a fine grove of sugar maple trees stood and leaving his wife at home to care for the least children and what stock was left and went to work making sugar. He knew his life was at stake. If a certain class of men discovered his whereabouts they would find and kill him. He did not think they would dare harm his wife. One day while he was gone five men rode up to the yard fence to kill Mr. Fritts. But after searching the house, barn and all over the premises without finding him they ask his wife where he was which she promptly refused to reveal. They demanded of her to tell at once or they would punish her to which she refused again. The ruffians were now greatly wrought up with anger and threatened to kill her if she did not reveal his where-about. She informed them that they could kill her for it was in their power to do so and said she, "You will never know from me where my husband is." This answer from the brave and faithful woman angered the scoundrels the more and they cursed and abused her and swore that they would torture her until she would be glad to give them the desired information, to which she replied, "You devils, I will die first." At this they caught her and overpowered her by main strength and while some of the men held her the others took some seed cotton that they found in the house and pulled her mouth open and crammed it full of the cotton and bandaged her mouth so that she could not scream. She was able to breath through her nose in this condition but she was not able to make a noise. Then these awful brutes in human form proceeded to throw their helpless victim down on the hearth rock before a hot fire and held her there until she suffered severely from the heat of the fire. Then they turned her feet bare toward the fire and scorched them with heat, not being satisfied with this they picked up the fire shovel and held it

in the fire until it was hot then they applied it to her feet and rubbed it over them for several minutes. The poor suffering woman writhed in agony, but bore it without giving the least indication that she would reveal the whereabouts of her husband, but endured the painful torture. The black hearted and merciless men realizing that they could not compel her to tell of her man felt baffled and caring not whether she died or not left her and passed out of the house and mounted their horses and rode off. The poor suffering woman rolled herself away from the fire and by the help of her children she managed to get the bandage from over her mouth and pulled the cotton out. It was supposed that they thought that Fritts had a sum of money concealed somewhere and they tried to make her tell of that too but she stoutly refused to comply. Mr. Fritts owned a tan-yard and had sold a great deal of leather from time to time and had accumulated a sum of money."

**HOW A STOLEN COVERLET WAS RECOVERED**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

On the 16 of August, 1906, I was shown a coverlet by Mrs. Sarah Matilda Cowan, daughter of Charley and Mary Ann (Hankins) Fritts. She was born near Wesley in Madison County, Arkansas, In 1876, and is the wife of Mr. Sanford Cowan. When I saw Mr. Cowan and his wife, they lived one mile northeast of Oneta Post Office, Indian Territory. The coverlet is known as the Missouri Trouble and the coloring is principally of indigo. Mrs. Cowan's mother was raised an orphan. Her mother died in 1839 and she lived many years with William and Elizabeth Hankins, her grandparents on her mother's side. They lived on the mountain 4 miles south of Wesley and Mrs. Elizabeth Hankins wove this coverlet in Madison County in 1852 when her daughter, Mary Ann, was 14 years old. It was greatly prized by Mary Ann and after she was married to Charley Fritts she was careful to preserve the colors and when it was shown to the author it was clean and the colors looked almost as fresh as if it had just come from the hand loom. Mrs. Cowan informed me that after her and Mr. Cowan were married her mother made her a gift of it as a war souvenir. The coverlet was taken one night in war times by a band of thieves. The story of which was given me by Mrs. Mary Ann Fritts herself in these words.

"The robbers and guerrillas were overrunning the country in Madison County. It was nearly out of the question to give provision and valuable articles. One night when I was living on our old farm on Richland Creek and near the village of Wesley a party of men rode up to the yard gate and dismounted and part of them entered the house. It was in the worst time of the war and robbery and death hung on every side. It was useless to plead with them to be allowed to save anything for they were bent on take all they could carry off on their horses and as soon as they got into the house they commenced gathering the household that they

chose to take away. In fact we were afraid to protest against the plundering of the house for fear they might set the house on fire and we just kept out of their way while they were loading their booty on their horses and started off with it.

Among the articles of bed clothing taken by the band of marauders was the coverlet. The moon was shining bright and we watched the band pass from view followed by the report of gun shots and the distant clattering of horses feet until the sound was out of hearing distance. We were union people and we suffered from the depredations committed by those claiming to be on the southern side but they were not regular confederate soldiers but scoundrels and thieves of the worst type. Fortunately for our family a man of the name of Jim Sizemore who lived 5 miles from us belonged to the federal army and had recently returned home on furlough but it was poor pleasure to try to be with his family for he was compelled to be on the dodge to prevent falling into the hands of the guerrillas and be shot. This same band of men had visited his house in the early part of the night to kill Sizemore and steal what he had, but they failed to catch sight of him for when he heard the noise of the horses feet approaching the house he fled into the woods where his horse was hitched. Sizemore was well armed and getting his gun and pistols in good shape for shooting and when the robbers took their departure from his house he followed them until they reached our house and stopped on the bluff and riding into the timber away from the road he dismounted and hitched his horse and went down the bluff where my husband, Charley Fritt's, little mill stood where he crossed the creek on the mill dam and concealed himself behind our blacksmith shop and waited until the robbers were coming out of the house with their stolen stuff and he went back across the creek on the mill dam without being seen by them and ascending the bluff in a different place from where he came down he lay down behind a log and waited for the bandits to pass along the

road on the opposite side of the creek from him which lead in close gun shot range from where he was concealed. In a very short time the band of men with their ill gotten gains come riding along boasting in a loud way of what they had stole that night. Just as they got opposite of where Sizemore was behind the log he fired on them then a second and third shot rang out which caused a precipitate flight of the band in confusion. They were so terribly scared that they urged their horses forward at their best speed, and unburdening their horses of their load of stolen goods as they galloped along and threw them down at the roadside. Mr. Sizemore said that It was very doubtful whether the bullets from his Pistols touched a man of them, "But I nearly laughed outright to see their retreating forms hurrying along the road to get out of range of my shots, It said he. On the following morning we went out and gathered up our beds and quilts and other stuff that the thieves had thrown down when Mr. Sizemore had shot at them and among the articles found was the coverlet which is much prized by my daughter as well as myself. In a few days after this the robbers found out who fired on them from the top of the bluff and they swore they would hunt him down (Sizemore) and kill him at all hazards. They planned many ways to kill him but he was brave and skillful and eluded all the snares set for him except one and he fell into it and was captured, But fortunately the men that captured him were not personally acquainted with him and they did not recognize him and while the band was counseling together to decide how to dispose of their Prisoner Sizemore seizing an opportune moment Made a dash for liberty and escaped. Shot after shot were sent after him in rapid succession but the bullets did not touch him but they sung close to his ears. As the fleeing man ran at breakneck speed afoot he stopped a moment and faced his enemies and yelled out, "Oh you devils, you had Sizemore in your possession but you did not know him. He's out of your clutches now. Catch him if you can."

They did try to overhaul him but Sizemore soon got into rough ground where they could not pursue him on horses back and he out raced them and all they could do was to curse their ill luck and let him escape from their hands. Sizemore lived until in 1896 when he died on Richland Creek and is buried in the Ledbetter graveyard on the head of Lawless Creek."

**SHOCKING AND CRUEL**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

In relating horrible incidents of Civil War times as they occurred in Madison County, Arkansas, Mrs. Mary Ann Fritts, widow of Charley P. Fritts, furnished the writer with the following account.

"Monroe Christian and Rhoda Christian, his wife, lived on Richland Creek. They had 4 sons and 3 daughters, the names of the sons were Joe, Jim, Henry and Thomas, that of their daughters were Eliza, Nancy and Annie. Mr. Christian was a soldier in the union army and had come home on a leave of absence to remain with his family a few days and return back to his command, but that visit proved to be his death for one night while he was thinking he was comparatively safe a band of guerrillas surrounded the house to take him alive and kill him at their leisure. Knowing that it was certain death to be captured alive he attempted to run the gauntlet of men and guns, but was shot to death before he got out of the door yard. His poor grief stricken wife was so shocked at seeing husband shot down in her presence that she was prostrated and sank into death in 24 hours after her husband was killed. The women and a few very old men dug two graves in Lawless hollow and the bodies of man and wife were laid to rest in them never more to be disturbed by the rumors and horrors of bloody warfare."

**A NIGHT VISIT FROM A BEAR**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

In the early spring of 1840 the writer's father James C. Turnbo, who was born and reared on Sugar Creek five miles south of Mount Pleasant, Maury County, Tennessee, left his father's old home there bound for Taney County, Mo. He was 20 years old and was accompanied by two other young men of the name of Shipman and the three men went to Memphis afoot where they embarked on a steamboat for Little Rock, Ark., where they arrived safely. After stopping at Little Rock to rest a few days they went aboard another steamboat which was bound for the village of Ozark situated on the north bank of the Arkansas River some distance above Little Rock. At that early date the settlements along the Arkansas River were scarce and wide apart and the towns were small. Little Rock itself was nothing more than a trading point then. Disembarking off of the boat at Ozark the three travelers struck out into the wilderness in the wilds of Arkansas. They found the country in northwest Arkansas so thinly settled that they were compelled to lay out in the forest on several nights and waded the streams as they come to them. After a tedious and lonely journey through the almost uninhabited region of mountains and valleys except wild beast they reached the trading point known as Carrollton in Carroll County. From there they followed a bypath that lead over rough hills and across deep hollows until they reached the beautiful White River with its crystal waters and swarms of the finny tribe. The river bottoms was covered with a thick growth of tall cane and a heavy growth of excellent timber. Hills and valleys were overrun with game and there were numbers of cool refreshing springs of water. The soil in the river bottoms were rich and fertile, and with these advantages my father decided to make the upper White River valley his permanent home. At that time Forsyth was a very small hamlet but an important trading point for the few settlers who

visited the place from far and near to purchase their groceries. The white settlement there was only three years old on my father's arrival there in 1840, and the river bottom at the mouth of Swan Creek where Forsyth started up was mostly covered with a heavy growth of cane and big trees.

The first man that employed my father to work after his arrival in Taney County was Sam Nelson who lived on Beaver Creek where the little town of Keesee Mille now stands. He hired to Nelson to help him build the first mill there which was a small affair. The mill was built during the summer of 1840. In the fall of that same year my father and the two Shipmans were employed by Dr. A. S. Layton to cut saw logs in the pinery 12 miles south of Forsyth where shortly afterward Layton built a saw mill. The writer has never been at the exact locality where this mill stood but it is said to be on a high ridge near where a spring of water runs out of a bluff of rock in the head of a hollow. I am told that the spot where the mill stood contains one store and a blacksmith shop. It is said the place is situated on the head of Bee and Turkey Creeks and near 6 miles south of the present site of Kirbyville. They took a camping outfit with them including provision and tools and did the first work in that then wild pine region. They took neither dogs nor gun for Layton did not hire them to hunt but to work and they did not want to put in their time at hunting. They at first built a small hut to store their provision in and to stay and sleep in during inclement weather. They slept in the open air of nights when the weather admitted. The woods there seemed wild and lonely but they were too busy during the day in felling the stately pine trees and cutting off logs to feel much lonesome. But the solitude of the nights were deeply felt by listening at the howling of wolves, barking of the fox, screaming of the restless panther and other animals and the night birds making their usual noise. On the second day after they began work they discovered a rich bee tree without hunting for it. They quit cutting logs at once

and felled the tree and robbed the hive and ate all the honey they were able to consume and got smartly sick over the feast. A fine supply of rich honeycomb was left over and on the following day after their sickness began to wear off they carried it to camp in such vessels as they had brought with them and made it secure in their little storage room. That night following this a bear approached camp and scenting the honey and come right into camp and come near running over the men before they were aware of its presence which created a scene. The three scared men gave Bruin all the room he needed but they were so boisterous in getting out of his way that the bear himself was frightened and left camp on double quick time and did not disturb them anymore that night.

## WAR AND ITS VICTIMS

By S. C. Turnbo

Among the ghastly scenes of war days is an account furnished me by Ben Hager, a non-commissioned officer who served in the federal army and who was raised in Madison County, Arkansas. Mr. Hager said, "I want to give you a brief history of the death of ten southern men, part of which belonged to the confederate army and the others were sympathizers with the south. Some of them were young men, others had sons in the southern army. I cannot call to mind any of their names now, nor do I know who killed them, but they were all killed on the Breaks of Richland Creek some five or more miles west of Huntsville, Arkansas. I understood that their executioners gave them their choice of being shot to death or be sent to prison in the north, and it is said that they preferred death rather than suffer with cold and rough treatment in the federal prisons in the cold climate. Brave men, they met a horrible fate, but such is war, its destiny and results and the best of men of both sides were slain as well as others. After the ten men had been dead three weeks, I was ordered to take a detail of soldiers and bury the bodies. Three of the men on my detail were Ham Guthrie, Harry Silvie, and Sam Alderson. After we managed to procure a hoe and a shovel, we rode to the place where we were told that the dead men were left and found that the ten bodies had been thrown into a rail pen which contained wheat straw. They lay in a pile on straw and had been covered over with the same material. The bodies were in an advanced state of decomposition and when we taken the straw off them they presented a sickening sight and we could hardly handle them. We dug a grave as best we could with the tools at hand and after we had got it deep enough, we spread a blanket down in the bottom of the grave, then we carried the bodies from the pen one at a time and placed them carefully on the blanket until we had formed a layer in the bottom of the grave, and we had to place the

remaining dead on their dead comrades until we had put them all in the grave and after this, service was performed, we spread another blanket over them and filled in the dirt and left the new-made grave holding these victims of war."

**A COWARDLY MURDER**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

Mr. William F. Robinson, a veteran of the Civil War on the union side, told the writer the following account of a dastardly murder in Civil War times. Mr. Robinson said that a coward always did a cowardly act by killing men when they had all the advantage on their side. A brave soldier killed men in accordance with the rules of war. I am going to tell you a story of a murder which was committed in our army and in the presence of a large number of men, I myself being a witness to it. One day while a body of us were escorting a wagon train loaded with supplies for the troops and while passing over the old wire road between Mudtown and Fayetteville, Arkansas, and ten miles northeast of the last named place we met a man that was walking and leading a horse by the bridle reins. When the man met the advance guard and the front wagon he left the road and walked along near the side of it until he met the hindmost wagon and rear guard. We were cavalry and I belonged to the rear guard and just after we had passed by him I saw him get back into the road to go on his way. Just as he did so one of our men who was a rough character and was more like a Cossack than an American soldier aimed his gun at the man and shot him down without the least provocation. It was simply a cold-blooded murder. The troops were halted at once and the commanding officer ordered the murderer arrested immediately which was promptly done and placed under guard. It turned out in a few minutes that an officer of the escort had urged and persuaded the man to shoot the civilian and this officer was also arrested. In the meantime a great commotion among the soldiers took place for they did not approve of the killing. It was a hot time then for we expected every moment to be attacked by the enemy and while skirmishers and videttes were on the alert watching for the approach of the southern men our commander Captain Charley Moss, order a hasty investigation made of the

dead body of the man for the purpose of identification and three or four officers were detailed to make the examination and report as quick as possible. The man was dressed in citizen's clothes. It developed that he carried a lot of papers on his person which lead to his identification. It also turned out that he was a union man and was on his way out of Arkansas into Missouri. He had a roll of promissory notes and a sum of money. I cannot call to mind the name of the man nor what part of Arkansas he hailed from. As we expected an attack from the southern forces we could not remain any longer than really necessary and the examination was hurried through with and when it was completed Captain Moss called for three volunteers to bury the dead man as decent as the circumstances would admit and I and my brother Zeke Robinson and an other man offered our services and the Captain directed us to pick up the body and put it in a wagon and haul it to the first house where we could borrow some tools to dig a grave with and bury it. We found that it was only a half a mile to the next house where the lady of the house loaned us a hoe and shovel and the teamster whose wagon the body was in drove the wagon to the edge of the forest where we took the dead man out of the wagon into the woods and laid him down on the ground out of sight of the road and after selecting a spot of ground for the resting place for the remains we went to work and dug a shallow grave and placed the body in it without a coffin and dressed in the same clothes he was killed in. Then we filled in the dirt and made a little mound and made it smooth. Just as we finished we supposed that an enemy was near us and we dropped the tools at the grave and mounting our horses we sped away from there at a rapid gait. As we galloped by the house we hallooed to the lady and informed her where we had left her hoe and shovel. We never stopped or slowed up our horses until we caught up with the command. The alarm was a false one for we were not attacked. I learned after we reached headquarters that the soldier who

committed the murder and the officer who instigated it were court martialed but I never did find out whether they were punished or not for in a short time thereafter I was transferred to another command," Mr. Robinson related this account to me at his residence near Aneta, Indian Territory, one day in June, 1906.

## LUCK IN LEISURE By S. C. Turnbo

One day in the month of January, 1904, I met Tom B. Welch, who lived then on the Verdigris River a few miles south of Wagoner, Indian Territory, but Mr. Welch formerly lived near the town of Jasper in Newton County, Ark. In relating some of the incidents occurring in north Arkansas in regard to hunting he said that there were two brothers in the Buffalo Mountains of the name of Levi and John Henseley. The settlers gave John a nickname and called him "Blue Buck" because he loved to hunt so well and took so much interest in telling his hunting stories. Both of these men were excellent shots and hunted a great deal together in the Buffalo Mountains. Levi used the words "Luck In Leisure" In most any occupation he followed until it had become a byword with him. He claimed that a hunter should never be in a hurry to find game, and said he, a man ought not to be in too much haste in pursuing certain occupations, and he always took time while in the mountain forests to not be in a rush and worry to meet game. He said that a hunter was as lucky to sit down and wait for a deer to come to him as to wear himself out in hunting for one in the rough mountains. "One day," continued Mr. Welch "my brother, Jim Welch and "blue buck", Levi Henseley were together hunting on Cowskin Creek which runs into the Arkansas River. The men had traveled through the woods several hours without seeing any deer and were getting leg weary and Levi says, "Jim, let us sit down here on this log and rest and wait for a deer to come to us, for their is "Luck in Leisure" while hunting." And my brother agreed to wait awhile at least, and accordingly both hunters seated themselves on the log to watch and wait for "Luck in Leisure." In a short time after they had sit down 5 deer ran up in 75 yards of them and stopped and the two men killed three of them. The other two escaped. Soon after the 3 deer were entirely dead Levi says, "Well, Jim, what do you think of Luck in Leisure now?" And my

brother acknowledged that It was true in that case, and they now proceeded to save the hides and hams of the dead deer."

#### A STRANGE OCCURRENCE WHILE HUNTING By S. C. Turnbo

One of the strange incidents of hunting that I have gathered from the old timers is the following.

John Davis, son of Ira J. Davis, said that Isaac Adams, an old settler and hunter of Newton County, Ark., had several sons. Among them were John, William, Dan, and Matthew. Adams lived on Little Buffalo some 10 miles above the town of Jasper. "One day," said Mr. Davis, "while the old man Adams and his son John were in the mountains hunting and while they were separated a short distance the old man saw a deer and he shot and the animal fell dead. When he advanced up to it John met him where the dead deer lay and says, "Papa, I hit it behind the shoulder where I aimed my gun." Which surprised the old man and he says, "John,, did you shoot at it too?" "Yes," says John, "it is as I told you. My bullet struck where I aimed." "Well, I shot at it too," said the old man. And on turning the deer over and sure enough another bullet had struck it on the other side just behind the shoulder. It turned out that father and son had saw the same deer at the same time. Each one of them had took aim behind the shoulder and both had shot at the same moment and each gun had drowned the noise of the other. The two men had stood opposite each other without seeing each other, but both saw the same deer and shot, and the deer fell pierced by a bullet behind each shoulder."

**A JOLLY TIME FOLLOWING A WOUNDED DEER ON A  
CHRISTMAS DAY**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

One of the pioneer citizens of Boone County, Ark., who settled in Carrollton Hollow in the early part of 1854 is Dave Dunlap. One of his interesting stories of hunting is the following which he related to me some years ago. "I never had a great deal of experience in hunting," said he, "but I will give you a story that you may jot down if you wish to. When Christmas time of 1854 come it brought plenty of snow with it. On Saturday before Christmas day my brother Loranzo Dunlap went out in the snow to kill a deer to have fresh venison for Christmas. Near 5 miles southwest of the present site of Lead Hill he shot a big buck which fell at the report of the gun but when my brother walked up to him and plunged the blade of the knife into the fallen deer's neck to make it bleed freely it began to struggle into life again and floundered down the hillside into the bed of the branch where it rose on its feet and staggered off out of sight. Loranzo went back home and got his dog and took it back with him and followed the deer's trail in the snow until nearly nightfall when he left it and returned home again. On the following day which was Christmas and Sunday, too, a bunch of us agreed to go out and hunt the wounded buck. As it was Sunday we left our guns at home. My four brothers, Loranzo, Adam, Jess, and Wash Dunlap, John McCord, Jess Parish and two of Col. Wm. C. Mitchell's sons, Bob and William, and myself constituted the party or nine men in all. We went to where my brother had quit the deer's trail the evening previous and we followed its trail through the snow near 10 miles but it did not go straight forward but traveled in a roundabout way, and while we were passing over a blackjack flat of land we came onto a herd of deer lying down on the snow. The deer leaped up and ran in every direction making the snow fly up as they ran beyond our view. While the deer were jumping up and

running it seemed that the entire flat of woods was lined with deer. The wounded buck had fell in company with them on this flat. One bed where a deer lay the snow was stained with blood indicating that it had been wounded and we supposed that it was the same deer. We were unable to count them but we all guessed at the number and our estimations ran from 150 to 250. The sight of seeing such a large number of deer together while snow lay on the ground was as surprising as it was interesting to us."

**A PANTHER ATTEMPTS TO MAKE A HORSE CARRY  
DOUBLE**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

Mrs. Cassia King, widow of Uncle Bobby King, related the following account of pioneer days.

"When the Buffalo Mountains was almost an unbroken wilderness, two brothers of the name of Andrew and Thomas Hawthorn or Hathburn as some called them settled in the mountains. Thomas was educated and was a lawyer of some note and was a married man, but unfortunately his wife got drowned in the Buffalo river. After the death of his wife the man went blind and was helpless. Andrew, his brother, was peculiar in his manner of living. He occupied a hut alone 8 miles from the nearest habitation. He would sleep on nothing of nights except buffalo rugs, bear or deer skins. When he visited a settler's house, which he seldom did, he invariably refused to sleep on a feather bed, giving as a reason and excuse that he always rested better and slept sounder on the hides of wild beasts, than on the feathers of timid geese. He also had a fair education and owned considerable means. His cattle required his constant attention to prevent them from wandering off. One day he rode out from his hut as usual to round up his cattle and while passing along the base of a bluff and just below a cliff of rocks which extended along the foot of the bluff a panther sprang from the top of the cliff onto his horse's hips. The shock from the leap and weight of the animal came near crushing the horse down and also came near throwing the rider off, but the horse recovering itself plunged forward and kicked violently which broke the panther's hold and it fell off. The attack of the beast was a surprise to the man and like the horse he was badly terrified. He carried his rifle and as soon as he regained his composure and got his horse quiet he saw the panther crouched on the ground where it fell from the horse, and dismounting he shot and killed it. It was a suckler and on looking up toward the

top of the cliff he saw three young panthers sitting on the edge of the cliff where the old one had leaped from, which was nearly 15 feet high. After reloading his gun he shot one of them and it rolled off of the cliff and fell at his feet. The other two cubs did not move until the man reloaded his gun again and shot another one and it fell in a few feet of the other young beast. At this the remaining young panther took the hint and left the cliff and ran up the bluff and escaped.

The horse sustained some deep gashes torn out by the panther's claws but in a few weeks the wounds had all healed over."

**WOLVES KILL A COW AND MULE**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

Mr. Dave Dunlap, who has lived in the Carrollton hollow in Boone County, Ark., since 1854, said to me one day at his home, "You say did I ever know of wolves attacking and killing large stock in the Carrollton hollow. If you call a mule and a cow large stock I have. Their ravages on stock was terrible. They would invade the stock lots and destroy sheep and calves. They would also attack hogs and kill or wound them before we would interfere and drive them away. But the incidents of their killing hogs, sheep and calves were tame affairs to what these vicious animals were able to accomplish when they wanted to. I well recollect that on a certain night a pack of wolves killed a white pied cow 3 years old in less than 200 yards of the Carrollton hollow schoolhouse and devoured half of her before they left. The cow belonged to my father Jim Dunlap and he sent word to the neighbors to tie up their dogs for he was going in on the wolves with strychnine. He put plenty of poison in the remaining carcass of the cow and in a few days we counted nine dead wolves lying in the near vicinity of the schoolhouse. A mule 3 years old that belonged to Jesse Dunlap and Jim Buckley was killed one night by wolves in the hollow one mile above the schoolhouse. The women found what was left of the mule lying in 300 yards of their cabin. Evidence showed that the mule had struggled hard against the attack from the hungry pack but was finally overpowered and killed and almost eaten up. The mule had been worked in the plow all day and was turned out at night to graze till morning and was killed that night.

**A WOLF ATTACKS A YEARLING CALF IN THE YARD**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

In recounting incidents of life among the wild beasts in the ante bellum days in Boone County, Ark., Mr. Dave Dunlap, a pioneer settler in the Carrollton hollow in the county mentioned, related the following, "You would say that it is hard to believe when I tell you that wolves would boldly enter into a yard around a cabin and attack stock, but it is true. I have a vivid recollection of this kind myself one bright moonlit night before we had retired to bed. Late in the afternoon we turned a yearling calf into the yard to prevent wolves from killing it. At the time I speak of we were living in the hollow one mile above the Carrollton hollow schoolhouse. That night while we were all sitting around the fire we heard a big racket commence in the back yard. The calf was bleating and we could hear its hoofs hitting the frozen ground while coming around to the front yard. The women rushed to the door and saw the calf running across the yard bellowing loudly with a large yellow wolf clinging to it. The women screamed and made more noise than the calf and wolf did. I snatched my shotgun from the rack and hurried out into the yard, but before I had time to shoot the wolf it released the calf and leaped over the fence into the field. I ran up to the fence with the intention of shooting the fleeing animal before it had time to escape, but a horse that belonged to my brother, William Dunlap, was standing at the fence on the inside of the field and when I pulled the hammer of the gun lock back the clicking noise scared the horse and he wheeled and ran 100 yards just behind the wolf which prevented me from shooting at it. There was not a dog on the place or there might have been more noise made than was. The calf was not seriously hurt but it was terribly scared."

**A WOLF CARRIES PART OF A DEAD DEER THROUGH  
THE SNOW**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

"Away back, I cannot remember the year, but it was the month of March when five inches of snow lay on the ground the 4th day of the month," said Mr. Dave Dunlap, "I took George Parish and John Buckley who were small boys then out a hunting with me that day. We had not left the house very far before we seen two doe deer, one of which I shot down. The other stood still while I reloaded my gun and I shot at her and inflicted a severe wound. She ran off beyond my view. We followed her trail in the snow which lead in around about way until almost dark when we left the deer's trail and went back to the deer I had killed and carried it to the house. On the following morning we went back and followed the trail a short distance from where we had left it the previous evening and found where a wolf had got on the trail and followed it near a quarter of a mile and found the deer lying dead. Evidence showed that the deer was dead or nearly so when the wolf overhauled it. Part of the foreparts of the deer had been devoured by the wolf. The ravenous beast had gnawed the body of the deer in twain at the kidneys and picked up the hams or saddles as hunters term them and carried them three-quarters of a mile. The deer was in fine condition and fat and the saddle seemed to be quite a load for the wolf to carry and it seemed to have trouble in holding it up out of the snow and it stopped about every 150 yards and laid its burden down to rest. We noticed that between its resting places the deer's feet would drag in the snow in places. When the wolf had traveled the distance mentioned it turned square to the left, but wolf tracks continued straight forward which caused me to think that there were two of the wolves instead of one. Some 40 yards down the hillside below where it turned off it had stopped and placed the deer hams in the top of a fallen blackjack tree and covered them up with snow and

leaves. We could find no evidence in what direction the wolf had left here until we had examined the tracks where it had come down the hill and found that it had retraced its steps by stepping in the same tracks until it had got back to where it had turned down the hill and here it turned square to the left again and went straight forward again and so it turned out that there was only one wolf at last. Later on that day I put some strychnine in the hams of the deer and when I went back to the poisoned venison on the following day I found that the same wolf or another one had eaten part of the hams and went off. I followed its trail to where it had lay down and got up and had traveled on until it got to a south hillside where the snow had disappeared in places. Here I lost the trail and returned back home. In a few days thereafter Henry Pearson found a dead wolf in 200 yards of where I had lost the trail and we conjectured that it was the same one I had poisoned," said Mr. Dunlap. This occurred in the hills of the Carrollton hollow of West Sugar Loaf Creek in Boone County, Arkansas.

## DREADFUL EXPERIENCE WITH PANTHER

By S. C. Turnbo

The following short stories are given to show the experience of settlers with panther while the ferocious beasts were creeping on them.

John Ross furnished the writer with this story. "William Allbright and a nephew of Allbright's of the name of Tom Officer, the latter of which was a lad of a boy, while hunting one day on Terrapin Creek, a tributary of Long Creek In Carroll County, Arkansas, came to a large boulder. Allbright passed around on one side of it and the boy on the other. Just before they met on the opposite side of the rock from where they parted the boy cried out, "Uncle Billy, something is trying to catch me." Allbright turning around saw his nephew walking around toward him with an enormous panther following just behind him in a creeping and crouching manner for a spring on the boy. Allbright lost no time in aiming his rifle at the beast and shot it down."

Marion Woods, son of James M. and Mary (Robertson) Wood, says he was born in Madison County, Ark., in June, 1860, and lived there until he was 15 years old and then came to East Sugar Loaf Creek in Boone County. Mr. Woods says that while he was quite a youngster he and his uncle Jim Robertson went one day toward Eagle River to fish with bank hooks. Mr. Robertson also took his rifle along. Arriving at the river they took a position on a large rock which hung over the water. A big log lay on the hillside above them. The tree had fallen toward the rock and the top end lay in a few feet of it. "While we were waiting for a nibble from a fish, I heard a slight noise. Looking up toward the log I beheld a large animal crawling toward us on the log. I whispered, "Look yonder, uncle, what is that?" Robertson turned his head toward the log and replied, "It's a panther. You be quiet and I'll shoot it." The animal was now in 30 feet of us. Uncle Jim did not rise to his

feet, but after picking up his rifle turned and faced the panther, which kept creeping along slowly toward us. When my uncle fired the great long beast tumbled off the log and after quivering a few moments lay still. Our love for the sport of fishing was now cooled and we soon vacated the rock."

The following narrative was given me by Captain A. S. Wood of Bingdon Springs, Marion County, Ark., and shows the dangers and risks hunters underwent while North Arkansas was infested with panther. Capt. Wood relates an account of an exciting adventure of Steve Treat who then lived in Madison County, Ark. Berry Treat, his brother, lived on Buffalo. Steve was a robust, healthy man and a ravenous eater. He appeared to be always hungry. "A few years after the occurrence I am going to relate to you." said Capt. Wood, "he removed to Crooked Creek seven miles below Yellville. While living here he went to Yellville one day and purchased a side of bacon and started home with it. But it is told that he got so hungry before he reached home that he stopped and devoured the entire side of bacon before appeasing his appetite. But whether this is correct or not I am not going to say, but I was told it was true. When he lived in Madison County, he went to Buffalo on a visit to see his brother, Berry Treat. While there he would hunt during the day and remain overnight at his brother's house. Steve delighted to hunt and lost no time killing all the game he could. He possessed a peculiar homemade instrument that he used in calling up deer. He had made it of wood and a piece of tin and called it his "blater" because the noise made on it resembled the bleating of a fawn so close that an expert hunter could hardly distinguish it from the bleating of a real fawn. One day while he was rambling around in the creek bottom in searching game he sat down on the end of a log to rest. He had failed to find anything worth shooting. He had no dog with him and depended on his eyes, ears and "blater" to discover game. He was tired and he wanted to rest his weary self on the log

and blate for a deer with his "blater". So after seating himself on the log he applied the device to his mouth and began calling for a deer. He blew on it several minutes but not a deer responded. He went on blowing his "blater". stopping at short intervals to watch and listen for the approach of game, but he could not see nor hear any coming, This was strange for he knew the valley of Buffalo River was overrun with deer. As he went on bleating and listening he heard a slight noise nearby. At this a delightful thought struck him, for he supposed it was a doe coming on the hunt for her fawn, but when he turned his head to see the deer. he was startled at the sight of a panther crouched on the other end of the log swaying its tail and crawling toward him. The hunter dropped his "blater" instantly and quickly turned the muzzle of his rifle toward the stealthy form of the panther and aimed at its head and pulled the trigger. A sharp report rang out and a leaden ball, buried itself between the eyes, crushing the skull and bursting both eyeballs out and the huge panther rolled off the log to the ground and died without a struggle. The dreaded animal was just in the act of springing on him when he fired at it, but the fatal bullet from the unerring rifle put an end to its career."

"A number of years,ago" . remarked Peter Baughman, "there was a pond of water on Sugar Orchard in Boone Co. Ark, known among the hunters as "Big Pond". During the settlement of Crooked Creek, this pond was a conspicuous place for deer. I was told by those who were here before my arrival here in 1840 that numbers of deer were shot at this locality. One day in the month of August, 1843, I and my father went to the vicinity of this pond on a camp hunt. Sugar Orchard Creek looked wild then. Tall grass, lots of deer, numbers of bee trees, bear, panther and wolves. The first night out a panther cried out every now and then close to our camping place. It screamed until nearly the break of day when it left. I heard it scream while it was passing over a low hill. Then it quit hallooing. We ate breakfast about sunrise. While partaking

of our forest fare the subject of the panther was discussed between me and father, who jokingly remarked that it was not a panther we heard, "but a catamount, wild cat, or more than likely it was a night hawk," said he, but I knew better and so did he. Soon after sunrise we left camp in opposite directions on our day's hunt. Being a little nettled at father's remark about what we heard that night I went in the direction I heard the panther leave that morning. But I walked very slow and cautious and kept a close lookout for the beast. After I had got over the hill just mentioned I saw the glimpse of something in the grass that I took for a fawn. I stopped and looked around for the doe but she was nowhere in sight. Then I looked again toward the spot where I supposed the little deer was, but it was gone, and I began to search around for it. While I was occupied at this I was startled by a strange noise behind me. Wheeling around to ascertain the cause I was confronted by a panther crouching for a spring at me in 12 feet of where I stood. There was no time for debating and leveling my gun at it as soon as possible I fired on it. An instant later the great beast sprang at me and struck the ground at my feet. The horrifying looking creature frightened me terrible and without the least hesitation I turned and fled like a scared buck. I imagined the panther was pursuing me, I could feel the hair of my head standing out straight. Cold perspiration broke out all over my body, but this did not prevent me from running. I yelled for father as I ran. I took no time to look back but went on running and hallooing. I have no idea how far I would have run, but I halted when I came near running over my father who had heard me raise my voice so loud after I had shot and was approaching to find out what was the matter with me. Meeting my father brought me back to my right mind and as soon as I could catch my breath, I told him about my narrow escape from the panther and we both went back to the place where I had shot at it. The animal had disappeared. but father put his dog on its trail which lead off in an

opposite direction from which I had run. The grass was stained with blood which proved that the panther was badly disabled by my bullet. The dog after following it a mile or more overhauled it, but before we could reach them the panther whipped the dog and he left the beast and came meeting us badly used up and blood was trickling from his wounds. We went on to where the dog and panther had fought. The grass was trampled down and sprinkled with blood. We followed on after the panther by its blood to a big hollow log where we found two young panther lying in a bed in the log and killed them. We turned back here without going any further on the old one's trail. But a few days after this while Luke Marlor was hunting in this same locality he found a dead panther lying near the log where we captured the little panthers. Mr. Marlor said it had been shot and we supposed it was the same one I had shot and wounded."

July 10, 1902

**THEY BROUGHT A BIG PANTHER AND A MONSTER  
BUCK HOME WITH THEM**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

Ben Hager, a former resident of Madison County, Ark., tells this story which relates to a panther.

"On the first day of October, 1862, while we lived on Holman's Creek south of Huntsville my sister Charity who was 17 years of age was pursued by a ferocious panther. It was customary among the settlers of Madison County when they killed a fat hog was to divide a part of it with their nearest neighbors. If a citizen failed to do this it was considered an insult offered them. Though it was war times but neither side up to that time had interrupted the country but little. On the date named my father killed one of his fat hogs and in the late afternoon he sent my sister Charity to Mr. McMaster's with a mess of the fresh pork. McMaster's wife was named Ellen and they lived 1 ½ miles from our house. My sister was afoot and after delivering the pork to the man's wife she hurried back home for it was near night. After she had traveled halfway back home a panther made its appearance at the roadside just behind her. At the sight of the ugly creature she was nearly stupefied with fear, but on recovering she ran at her best speed along the road with the angry beast in close pursuit. When she reached the orchard fence which was in 300 yards of the house she bounded over it like a frightened deer. As she struck the ground she looked back and saw the panther loping along in the road in 20 feet of the fence. While she was running through the orchard she cried and screamed which attracted the attention of the dog and he began barking and the panther stopped at the fence where my sister had leaped over, and did not follow her further. It was now getting dark and we did not make any investigation until the following morning when I and my father started out to hunt for the beast. We took our guns and the dog we called Sweeper. Our guns were the old muzzle loading kind and father called his

gun Sweepstakes and I called mine Spud Short. On going to the fence where sister had crossed over in such a hurry we found where the animal had scratched the ground with its claws. We tracked it one mile and found where it had caught a shoat and devoured a part of it and covered up the remainder. On following its trail one-half a mile further where there was a rough and low shelving rock which extended a short distance along the hillside, suspecting that the beast had stopped under this projecting rock, my father kept the dog back and directed me to go up the hill and pass around above the ledge and watch for the beast while he took the dog and advanced slowly and cautiously up to the rock to see if it was lying under it and if it came out to make its escape up the hill or down the hill either or both of us might get a shot at it. I felt a little spotted while I was creeping along the side of the hill watching for the panthers appearance when I saw its head raise above the top of the ledge. The animal had heard the noise of our approach and it was on the lookout for danger. It did not see me for it was not looking toward me and my father and the dog was not yet in view. I took careful aim at its head off hand and pulled the trigger and at the report of the gun I saw the panther's head disappear below the edge of the rock. I felt somewhat nervous about venturing up for a moment or so when I started to see whether I had killed it or not and went down slowly to the ledge. When my father heard the gun shot he knew almost that I had found the beast and fired at it and we both reached the ledge at the same moment. He saw it first and says, "Ben, you got it." I knew what he meant and I leaped over the ledge and there it lay stretched out in the tremor of death. The bullet from my gun had taken effect just behind the right ear and passed through its head and broken the jaw bone. Soon after the big beast was entirely dead we procured a pole of dead wood and tied the panther's feet together and swung it on the pole and started on our way back home. Before reaching there we saw a fine buck which my father

shot and killed. Being only a short distance from home I went up in view of the house and yelled for my two brothers, Jim and Bob, to bring the wagon and oxen which they did and we loaded the dead panther and dead buck into the wagon box and soon hauled them to the house. The buck was a monster and carried 11 points on each beam. The panther was a big fellow, too, measuring 9 feet and 11 inches from the end of the nose to the end of the tail. The oxen names were Dick and Buck.

**A SETTLER OF EAST SUGAR LOAF TELLS OF  
INCIDENTS  
AMONG THE WILD BEASTS OF LONG AGO**

By S. C. Turnbo

Marion Wilmoth has been a resident of Sugar Loaf since 1853. Two years prior to this he was a resident of Madison County, Ark. He has lived for many years on his farm just above Lead Hill in Boone County, Ark. Marion is a son of Wilson and Anna (Cooper) Wilmoth, who died many years ago, and were buried in the cemetery at the old Macedonia (now Enon) Churchhouse, two miles above Lead Hill. Marion was born and reared in Overton County, Tennessee, and came to Boone County when 27 years of age. He says when he came here, there was living on West Sugar Loaf Creek, John Manley, John Durham, Charles Coker and "Buck" Coker, and a few others; and on East Sugar Loaf was M. P. Ray, George Wood, and Joe Coker. Uncle Marion never attained much fame as a hunter, but was very successful in growing fine crops. He says that he has found some very rich bee trees here. One that he found about one mile east of Lead Hill contained about ten gallons of honey. The honey comb extended fully ten feet in the hollow of the tree. "Many years ago," said he "hundreds of coons infested this country, and they were very destructive to growing crops. The settlers were very anxious to kill as many as possible. I remember going out one night on foot to hunt the coons; three or four dogs accompanied me. The moon was in its first quarter. I wandered some distance from home, and was enjoying the tramp, when suddenly I heard a commotion among the dogs that had gone on in advance of me. I soon learned that a pack of wolves had made an attack on the dogs, but the battle was of short duration, as the dogs beat a hasty retreat and came charging toward me, with the wolves in hot pursuit. The terror of the dogs was infectious, and I was at once imbued with

the same, and went up a tree as nimble as a squirrel. By the time I was at a safe distance, the wolves and dogs had reached the tree. I disliked to desert the dogs, but I knew they could defend themselves much better than I could. I watched the actions of the dogs and wolves by the dim moonlight. I could see the forms of the wolves darting around after the dogs. They were making the night not a bit lonesome by their loud noise. I feared the dogs would be torn to pieces, and I gave vent to some terrible screams to try and frighten the wolves, and it apparently had the desired effect, as they ran off. I remained in the tree for awhile, and after getting enough courage, I descended and started for home, and I was not long reaching the house either." "As to panthers," said Uncle Marion, "they were also quite numerous. Along in the 50's a man whose name was Christian Owens, lived near the Sugar Loaf Prairie, or rather between the prairie and Lower Sugar Loaf Creek. One day his daughter Bettie, who was about grown, came over to our house on horseback. Her brother, a small lad, sat on the horse behind her. While on the way they were attacked by a panther. The young lady urged her horse into a run but the panther kept in close pursuit and would occasionally spring at the child on the horse. The lady and boy screamed for help, but none came. The horse was badly frightened and ran with all its might until they reached our house when the panther abandoned his attempt to get the little boy. "I will now give you a brief account of an experience that my wife had with a panther," said Mr. Wilmoth. "During the war, while I was in the confederate service, my wife went to a neighbor's house one day and on her return a panther made its appearance at the roadside within 6 or 8 feet of her. To say she was frightened is putting it very mild. As the great long beast stood glaring at her she began to scold it as though it were a dog. The panther raised on its hind feet, and putting forward its forelegs it expanded its paws and the long claws were visible. It was enough to frighten the bravest of men, much more for a

woman to witness. She did not tarry long, but fled in terror. She ran as long as she could and finally reached the house, but was unable to speak when arriving there. The children were greatly alarmed and my wife could not then explain. After awhile she related the incident to them and during the time she was telling it, the panther was making some piteous screams nearby. My wife, no doubt, must have outdistanced the beast, or else the beast was not very vicious.

### **DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A DIAMOND**

#### **RATTLESNAKE**

**By S. C. Turnbo**

In the days of diamond rattlesnakes it was dangerous to encounter one and almost sure death to be bitten by one. Mr. Ben Hager, an old time citizen and resident of Madison County, related to me this story. Holmans Creek in Madison County, Ark., is a small tributary of War Eagle River. It derived Its name from George Holman who was among the first settlers of Madison County and was the first settler on this stream. He lived just above the mouth where there is a fine spring of water. My father lived on this same creek but he went there long after Mr. Holman did. When I was a small boy a man of the name of John Clay lived six miles from our house. He was a son of old Grandma Clay whose husband had been dead many years. One day Mr. Clay come to our house and asked me to go squirrel hunting with him and as I was doing nothing at the time my father game his consent for me to go. Clay wanted me to go along and "turn" the squirrels for him when they went up a tree. When we got into the edge of a small pinery which was near one mile from Holmans Creek the dog treed a squirrel up a pine tree that had a cordon of wild currant vines entwined around it. I and Mr. Clay walked around the tree in opposite directions to find or locate the squirrel. As Clay passed around with his face turned up looking into the top of the tree for the squirrel a diamond rattlesnake darted its head out of a hollow place in the ground where a dead pine tree had been burned out by the roots in time and the space had grown full of weeds and wild grass. The reptile was coiled in this sunken place and it struck Clay in the groin and sank its fangs into the flesh. The man stepped back instantly and shot the snake while it was getting into a coil again. There was not a moment to lose to see if he had killed the serpent and we started back to our house. The man soon began to suffer excruciating pains of distress and

anguish. Added to this he became very sick. He could hardly walk. I assisted him all I could and he struggled on until we were in  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile of the house when he could get no further. I let him down on the ground and ran with all the speed I could command up near the house and called my father and soon informed him of Clay being bitten by the rattler and where I had left him. My father ran with me back to him and my father who was a stout man picked Mr. Clay up and carried him to the house and started a messenger off on horseback to Huntsville for a doctor. In the meantime we all done what was in our power for the relief of the suffering man, but all in vain, for he sank into a semi comatose condition. When we tried to rouse him up the man would say, "Please, let me sleep." It was only two miles to town and the messenger got there as quick as his horse could carry him. The first physician he met was Doctor Ruth and he informed him what was wanted and the doctor hurried to our house, but Mr. Clay was dead when he arrived. It was shocking indeed. Just a few hours ago he was in good health and in nice spirits. Now he lay dead. He had died in less than two hours after he was bitten. On the following morning after he died I and father and Doctor Ruth and others visited the place where Mr. Clay had been bit and we found the snake dead. The shot from Clay's gun had took effect in the reptile's back and killed it. We had no way to measure its length correct, but the men all estimated it to be eight feet long. The body of John Clay received burial in the Bohanon graveyard at the Bohanon Schoolhouse which is situated on the mountain between Holmans Creek and Richland Creek.

## A SWARM OF DIAMOND RATTLESNAKES

By S. C. Turnbo

Mr. Ben Hager, an old time resident of Madison County, Ark., is responsible for this snake story which he said was strictly true. "Many years ago, a said he, "while my parents lived two miles south of Huntsville, my father and myself and others went out into the mountains on several day's camp hunt. Our destination was 30 miles southeast of our home. We expected to make our central camp between the sources of two canyons, one of which emptied into War Eagle and the other into Kings River. It was known that plenty of bear abounded on the summit of the high ridges and the sides of the mountains in this locality and our intention was to spend a number of days here among the big game. The names of our neighbors who went with us were Eaph Gourd, Dave Russell, John Phelps, Ed Clark and the two Ledbetter boys, Hugh and Harve. We took four ox wagons with us to haul our camping outfits in and to bring back the wild meat hides, furs and honey. We had a big bunch of dogs with us to chase the game and keep the wild beast away from camp of nights. On the second day before we intended to reach our stopping place we noticed a small spike buck loping down the hillside toward Kings River. We were not over anxious to kill a deer before reaching camp but one of the men remarked that the little deer would furnish us plenty of venison for supper and we halted the ox teams to see if one of the men wanted to shoot it. Dave Russell was an excellent shot at long range and one of the men says, "Dave, hit it," and he took aim at the fleeing deer with "Old Greasy Kate" as he called his old flint lock rifle. But just before he was ready to pull the trigger the deer began to act in a queer manner by jumping high, then it would go sideways a few yards and leap up and kick, as if something had struck its legs. Phelps says, "Dave, don't shoot. The deer might be snake bit." And Mr. Russell lowered the muzzle of his gun and the little buck

increased its speed to a fast run and was soon beyond our view down the mountainside. Our curiosity being aroused we all went to the spot where the deer had jumped around so and was astonished at seeing a large number of diamond rattlesnakes crawling on the ground and they all seemed to be traveling from toward War Eagle River toward Kings River. The length of the reptiles ranged from 15 inches to nearly 5 feet in length. We picked up clubs and stones and killed rattlesnakes until we all became sick from inhaling the odor from them and had to quit work and went back to the wagons and drove on. Meeting the rattlers caused us to change our program of hunting. There were no roads in that part of the country then and we picked our way through the timber and the best places of the ground for the wagons to pass over. We drove down to Kings River and crossed it and camped four miles that night from where we had met the bunch of rattlers. The serpents had changed our course almost in an opposite direction from where we intended to have stopped. We were so afraid of their deadly fangs that we thought it best to put Kings River between us and the snakes and so we did. Our big preparations for a mighty hunt did not turn out very successful."

## DIED AT AN EXTREME OLD AGE By S. C. Turnbo

The town of Ozark in the state of Arkansas is an old settled place and has been a prominent trading point in that part of Arkansas since its existence. The town is situated on the north bank of the Arkansas River where in the early days of that locality the famed hunters would congregate together and exchange their furs and deer skins with the traders for the necessary supplies. A few of the early settler in the neighborhood of Ozark were the Moores Gails and Youngers. I remember that one night in the month of March in 1877 I remained over night with one of the Youngers who was an old man and lived on the Mulberry Mountain some 10 miles north east of Ozark. He was suffering with a severe chronic disease at the time. He and his daughter were living alone. I found the Younger to be an intelligent man and he told me a number of interesting incidents connected with the early history of that section of country but unfortunately I did not note them down. I learned that he died in 1878. Mr. Thomas McWilliams who was born in County Derry North Ireland in 1849 and came to the United States in 1862 and after stopping in New York where remained some time and made his way into Arkansas in 1874 and finally lived at Ozark where he married Miss Mary Jane Steele daughter of William Steele who was one of the first settlers on that part of the Arkansas River. Said Mr. McWilliam, "Steele was the first settler on the land where the town of Ozark now stands. He sold goods and groceries there when there were but a few families occupying the fertile lands along the Arkansas River. He had his chattels brought up the river on a small steam boat. John D. Steele a brother of William Steele is said to have been poisoned to death. William Steele's wife was named Marjorette. They had three other children besides Mary Jane, their names of which were David, William and Samuel. Mr. Steele my father in law lived to be a very old man, he was always healthy and during

all his life he took but a small quantity of medicine. When the war broke out he took sides with the south and was able to serve a while in the southern army in the Trans-Mississippi deportment. He lived to be 103 years old. Long before his death he selected a spot of land on his farm 4 miles north of Ozark for his resting place after death called him away and here he and his wife and my wife and Samuel Steele his son lie at rest." The writer will say that when he saw Mr. McWilliams he was living at Coweta Indian Territory. I interviewed him on the 19 of July 1906.

**A FEW NAMES OF THE PIONEER SETTLERS ON THE  
LEFT PRONG  
OF CROOKED CREEK AND VICINITY**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

In referring to the names of early residents on the left hand prong of Crooked Creek in Boone County Arkansas., Mr. William A. Eoff gives the following. The names are those who lived on the creek and vicinity from the earliest period of the settlement of that locality up to the beginning of the war. Among them were Henry Woody and Katie his wife, Ben Gipson and Elizabeth his wife, Duke Spain and Betsy his wife., Bill Potts and Louisa his wife, Jimmie Willis and Lucy his wife, Jake Clipper and his wife Harriet, Bill Braden and his wife Mahala, Ben McMahan and Betsey his wife., Davy Nichols and Hezzikieh his wife, Bob Capps and his wife Elvira, Jimmie Jones and Polly his wife, Billy Singer and Martha his wife. There were also Judge Ewing and Billy Ewing, Jake Turner and Clamp Turner who were brothers, and John Woody who was a chair maker. This man had a son named John whose wife was named Katie. Davy Nichols the one mentioned above was a hard shell Baptist preacher. Mr. Eoff married Miss Elvira Pennywell on the 1st of December 1853 and they lived many years on the left hand prong of the creek 4 miles from Bellfonte and 4 miles from Valley Springs and one half a mile from Pilot Knob. In speaking of his early school days, Mr. Eoff said "went to school at Peter Bellers where there was a small house used for school purposes. The teacher wife was name Evaline. Some of my school mates who attended this school were Caroline Nichols, Francis Beller and Virginia Beller, Bob Capps, John Eoff and Charley Mitchell son of Col. Bill Mitchell. Some time after the school was out Charley Mitchell married Sarah Baker daughter of Jack Baker. Mr. Baker and Mitchell and his wife were killed in the Mountain Meadow Massacre in Utah in

September 1857. Billy Beller was the man that kept the Beller stand at the Big Spring 2 miles above Harrison."

### **CORN SHUCKING IN ARKANSAS WHEN SNOW WAS ON THE GROUND**

**By S. C. Turnbo**

It is said that many years ago the farmers in the state of Tennessee would have corn shucking where the young people would spend a gay time of nights working hard to clean up the pile of corn. Mr. Fie Snow said that he was at a big corn shucking one night in Arkansas which he told in the following way.

"Early one morning in the month of December 1852 I left the residence of Jimmie Forest on Little North Fork in Ozark County, Mo. and after a slow walk on foot I reached Charley Smith's house on Big Creek where he had a mile. It was near night when I reached there and I remained over night with him. I had started to Charleston, Ark. south of the Arkansas River and as I was afoot I decided to take my time, so on the following day I started from Mr. Smith's late in the fore noon and went over to Fielden Holt's at the mouth of Shoal Creek where I stayed all night again. The following morning was cloudy, cool and threatening snow. Mr. Holt put me across White River in a dugout canoe just above the Tumbling Shoals. I had not traveled far from the river before it began snowing and continued heavily all day.

The country was sparsely settled and I had traveled a path way all the way from Little North Fork. I crossed East Sugar Loaf Creek at the M. P. Bay Place and West Sugar Loaf Creek at the John Manley Place and went up the Carrollton Hollow and over to Bear Creek where I stayed all night where the family was absent at a dance. They were gone when I arrived there but as the door was partly open and I was so tired, and for fear I would not find another house that evening I went in and as the family did not return I went to bed and rested well all night. There was no fire in the house. I did not want to start until the family come back

and they did after while and when I explained to them how it was they bade me welcome and the man's wife prepared breakfast and after we all had ate I started on my way again. The snow had continued to fall that night and was 10 inches deep on the ground which made it very wearisome traveling on foot but I never stopped and after a tiresome walk I reached Long Creek and stayed all night with a settler miles below Carrollton. I went on the following day and passed through Carrollton and 7 miles beyond to Osage Creek, which I crossed below Fairview then on over to the dry fork of the Osage where I stopped and stayed over night with a man of the name of Newberne. I was so tired traveling in the snow that I found that I would be compelled to lay up a day or two if Mr. Newbern would give me permission and when I ask him if he would let me stay he says "If you are a shoe maker you can stay, if not I cannot keep you." I told him I was. 'All right' says he 'I want you to make some shoes'. 'I will do the best I can for you' said I, and he brought out a fine lot of well tanned leather and shoe tools and a block of dry maple wood to make shoe pegs out of and I went to work and made three pair of shoes in two days - one pair for his wife and a pair each for his two grown daughters. I could have made them in less than two days, but Mr. Newbern said "Take your time and make them well" and so I did. I had stayed at the man's house three nights and two days. The man offered to pay me for the making of the shoes but I told him no, for he refused to charge me for my board, and I went on and passed through the wild snowy woods to Kingston on King River where a young man set me across this stream, continuing my journey up King's River some 8 miles and got permission to remain over night at a Mr. Jones who before night fall told me that there would be a big corn shucking there that night on the Tennessee style. Jones had 1500 bushels of corn heaped up in the lot near his barn. By this time the weather was clear and warm and most of the snow had melted but the corn was

yet covered with snow. Before night set in young men and old men began to assemble until near 60 had collected at the pile of corn and we all went to work with yarn gloves on and had a fine time that night shucking corn and putting it in the barn and rolling the shucks back out of the way. We never stopped until we had finished the corn but it took us until just before daybreak to get it done. Then to rest ourselves we all wrestled together and run and jumped until day light. After day light we got into a game of "Jumping over big toe" which is done by taking hold of your big toe with one hand and jump the other foot over it. In carrying out the game you must hold your right toe with your left hand and jump your left foot over it or you can reverse it and jump your right foot over it. This sort of a maneuver is hard to do and there was only a few that were able to perform it. The play looked impossible to do to one young fellow. After I had proposed to carry it out successful and he offered to put up a nice little mare and a good saddle and bridle for that day and time against its equal value that I could not do it. As I did not have enough money to put up against his mare and equipment I refused to bet with him, but I showed him that I could. Of course I could not go through with it without falling down, and this ended it. The woman had cooked nearly all night and we ate a fine breakfast that morning and bidding my new friends adieu I went on my way and arrived at my destination in a few days more."

**A WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM DROWNING**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

The following account of war times was given me by Ben Hager a veteran of the Civil War who served on the Union side. "One day" said he, "While our command was camped at Huntsville, Arkansas, a detail of men and wagons was ordered to go to Fayetteville for supplies. There were 6 wagons in the train with two drivers to each wagon. There were a detail of 40 mounted men sent with us as guards. Lieut Marion Vaughn was in command and Sergeant Buck Stroud was the next in command. I call to mind the following names of a few soldiers who went with us on that trip. Ham Guthrie, John Rainey, Abe McBrown, Frank Gilliland, Jake Smith and Tom Bohanon, the last named was my driver mate of one of the wagons. There were a number of refugees went with us to Fayetteville. In my wagon was a widow lady with 4 children, two of which were quite small. There was also a young lady accompanying the woman and children who was a daughter of Harry Silk. These people lived on Kings River. We teamsters were armed with a Whitney Rifle and a brace of Army Navy pistols each. The pistols were buckled around us and the rifles were strapped to our backs. On arriving at White River 3 miles above McGuire's Store we found the stream past fording. Our orders were to cross at once for the country was infested with armed guerrillas and we did not have time to wait for the waters to fall. The teams were oxen and the 3 front wagons succeeded in getting over safe. It was 60 feet across the water and the cattle had to swim near 20 feet. The wagon that I and Bohanon had charge of was the 4th one and we drove in with the two ladies and 4 children. When we had got one third of the way across the stream we encountered a tree that was floating and rolling down the river. At first we made an effort to rush by it before it struck us but the limbs caught us and rolled over the wagon and oxen. Myself and Bohanon and the refugees and pressed us all under the water, at

the moment we struck where it was swimming. It was a critical moment and the 40 soldiers and the other ten teamsters were so astonished at seeing us take such a sudden dive with the tree passing over us that they all give us up for lost. But fortunately we were under the water only a moment or two for the tree rolled on over us and on down stream and the oxen rose to the surface of the water and soon swam to where they could wade and out of the water to safety. But as the limbs of the tree swept over us it dragged me off the seat and right over the head of one of the cattle and the point of one horn stuck me in the bowels and inflicted a severe wound the scar of which I carry to this day. I do not know how I got out of the water but I did somehow. The widow lady with her two youngest children in her arms clung to the wagon box and the young lady held to the other two children. But a limb of the tree mashed one of the little girls hands against the top of the wagon box. The women and children were strangled while they were under the water, yet with the exception of myself and little girl we made a lucky escape without getting hurt, and it seems miraculous how we escaped being drowned."

**THE OLD HATTER SHOP**  
**BY S. C. Turnbo**

James W. Jones proprietor of the Jones Ferry crossing of White River at the mouth of Music's Creek in Marion County, Ark. is a son of Hugh Jones and Hester (Hettie Bevins) Jones and was born in Madison County, Ark. in 1847. His father and his grandfather Jimmie Jones came to White River in 1849. Hugh Jones died at Benton Barracks in Missouri during the Civil War. His wife Mrs. Hettie Jones lies buried in the grave yard in the southwest corner of Ozark County, Mo. opposite the Panther Bottom. Soon after settling on White River Hugh Jones and his father Jimmie Jones built a log house of two rooms on the right bank of the river just over the line in Taney County, Mo. from Ozark County and opposite the upper end of the Panther Bottom where they manufactured hats out of fur and sheep wool. This house was standing there when the writers father bought this land from Cage Hogan in 1853 and my father used it for a black smith shop and it was still standing when we left there on the 13 of February 1859. This building was known far and near as the "hatter shop". We have mentioned elsewhere in another chapter that Jimmie Jones father of Hugh Jones built a mill on Big Creek which stood at the upper end of the John Pelham Place known now as the Joe Glass Haskins Land. Here Mr. Jones ground corn into meal for the settlers and manufactured corn whiskey and made hats also. His son Hugh Jones also went to Big Creek and lived in the creek bottom known now as the Sam Holdt Place which is just below the Joe Glass Haskins Land. Here Hugh Jones built another hatter shop where he manufactured a great number of hats. I have sit and watched Mr. Jones many hours. Prepare the fur of animals and sheep wool by mixing it together with a small machine made for the purpose. The making of home made hats was interesting to me. There is an amusing incident connected with Jimmie Jones Mill which I will give. In the summer of 1858 when the water in

the creek was very low Jones could not grind but one half a bushel of corn or wheat a day. Jones customers had to patronize a "Far off" mill until the creek rose. Mr. Jones got tired sitting around the mill house doing nothing. He could not grind any grain to amount to anything and his tall corn run out and he could not make any more whiskey till the water rose so his, customers could come back and bring him more corn to grind and he rented his mill to a fellow who had peculiar ways and of a boasting disposition. Among other things he said that Joe Womacks Mill on Beaver Creek had ruined the now Keesee Mill, for Womack had built a mill dam sufficient to not let a drop of water leak through the dam and flow down from Womacks Mill to the Keesee Mill which would ruin the latter mill for it was operated by water also and that Womack was going to procure a patent on his invention, and then if he were a mind to he could construct dams across other streams and prevent the water from getting below it. This foolish man actually believed this. One day during the summer of the year named this same fellow while he had the mill rented was seen with a water bucket dipping up the water from below the dam and pouring it back into the mill pond to get ahead of water and was laughable to see him do this.

**FELL OVER A PRECIPICE AND WAS KILLED**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

In the early spring of 1866 a sad incident occurred just over the line in Madison County, Arkansas the particulars of which I learned from John Fisher son of Mathias Fisher.

John Fisher was born near Kings River in Carroll County, Ark. August the 8, 1855. He said the accident happened in  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile of Kings River which come about in this way. There was a heavy log rolling at Berry Johnsons who lived 10 miles west of Berryville. The name of the man who met death is forgotten but to go on with the story. The men was until night before they got done rolling logs, and the man we refer to started home from Johnsons place carrying his axe and iron wedge with him. The night was extremely dark and the trail he was following was dim not having been traveled very much. It was two miles and a half from Johnsons to where the man lived and at one place the trail lead along a sharp crest or narrow ridge. It was supposed that when he made his way here he lost his way and got into a gulch and fell over a precipice 20 feet high and was killed. This cliff was only a short distance below the pathway. A man by the name of Houston discovered the remains of the unfortunate man lying at the base of the cliff. The hogs had found him first and had destroyed all the body except the bones. A few remnants of his clothes were found nearby where the bones were lying. The bones were all picked up and put in a small box and buried in the grave yard at the Rockwell School House which is in the edge of Madison County.

**AN EXORBITANT PRICE FOR PULLING A TOOTH**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

Mrs. Mary Ann Fritts a pioneer lady in relating incidents of the olden time in Madison County, Ark. tells of a doctor who lived at Huntsville that made exceedingly big charges for his services.

"On one occasion" said she, "when I was 12 years old or in 1850 I was attacked with a severe pain in one of my teeth which caused me to suffer a great deal. Domestic remedies gave only temporary relief. The tooth affected was what we called them stomach teeth and finally there come a swelling on my chin that was of a callous nature and which was evidently caused by the aching tooth, and my people decided that the only cure for it was to have the tooth extracted. A doctor Farris lived at Huntsville and John Wesley Hankins an uncle of my mother took me to this doctor and he pulled the offensive masticator out and charged me \$4 for his work of only two or three minutes time. The operation in drawing the tooth out was very painful and I thought he was going to jerk my head off instead of getting the tooth out. I paid the doctor in silver and I give you the account to show how a few doctors understand how to charge for their services whether they know anything about diseases and their cures or not.

**TWELVE PAIR OF TWINS**  
**By S. C. Turnbo**

This interesting story was furnished me by Mr. Ben Hager a pioneer settler of hear Huntsville Madison County, Ark. "In the year 1859 while we lived on Holmans Creek two miles south of Huntsville I went to town with my father one day to help him carry some chickens to sell to the merchants there. While we were there two wagons loaded with household goods arrived in town and stopped. They belonged to movers and were drawn by ox teams. I was in Hugh Berry's store when the man that the wagons belonged to came into Mr. Berry's store and ask the proprietor if he had any hats, and Berry answered in the affirmative and began to take down the hats and put them an the counter for the man to look at. After he examined a few of them he says, "Mr. Store keeper, what will you charge me for all the hats for my boys" and Mr. Berry says "I do not know sir but tell me how long you have been married and it may be that I can guess how many you want". "I have been married 13 years, 3 months and 10 days", "I guess then I will charge you \$5", said the merchant. "All right", "I will go out and bring my boys in", says the mover. And in a few minutes he taken 20 boys out of the covered wagon that were old enough to walk and took two more younger boy children in his arms that were too small to walk and brought the 22 children into the store and his wife followed him with two infant boys in her arms which numbered 24 boys in all. Mr. Berry was astounded and so was the bystanders. Mr. Berry acted as though he wanted to run, but after looking at the crowd of children for a minute he ask in a doubting way, "Is them all your children" "Yes, they are all mine! " said the man addressed. "I cannot believe it" answered the astonished merchant. Why do you disbelieve me" said the man. "It is too unreasonable" said Mr. Berry. And the man and his wife explained to the merchant how it was that they had such a big family of children in less than 14 years. A pair of twins which

were all boys were born to them a little more than a year apart. But Berry was not satisfied with the man and wife's account but after reflecting a short time he says to the man and woman "Are you both willing to swear that these 24 children are all your own", and they both declared that they were willing to go before the proper authorities and swear that they had been married the time named and that all these children had been born to them as the result of the marriage. The nonplussed merchant seemed to believe them now and says "By the great God of Heaven that made me, the hats shall not cost you anything" and willed all the children a hat apiece, then he began putting all the small hats down on the counter he had and told the man to pick them out. There were a number of settlers in town that day and a crowd soon collected in Berry's store for the two dozen of children or 12 pair of twins attracted the attention of every one in town. After all the children - babies too - had received a hat each Mr. Berry told the man of the numerous prodigy to not start off yet awhile and he had a talk with the other merchants of the town. Then Mr. Berry go up on the curb stone and told the people of the great number of children belonging to one father and one mother and says "I have give each one of these children a hat. And I think it is the duty of the merchants and other citizens of this town to supply all these boys with a suit of clothes each." And it was not long before the citizens responded freely and the children were taken to the different stores where they received a bountiful supply of clothing and before they left town Mr. Berry gave the mother of the children a large leg horn hat worth \$5. It was made of fine straw and adorned with the finest ribbon of various colors. But the people of Huntsville were not satisfied with what they had done for them and concluded to do better for them and gave the man enough provision to last him several days. I cannot call to mind the mans name but I remember that he said he was going south where there was plenty of cotton to pick to get employment for

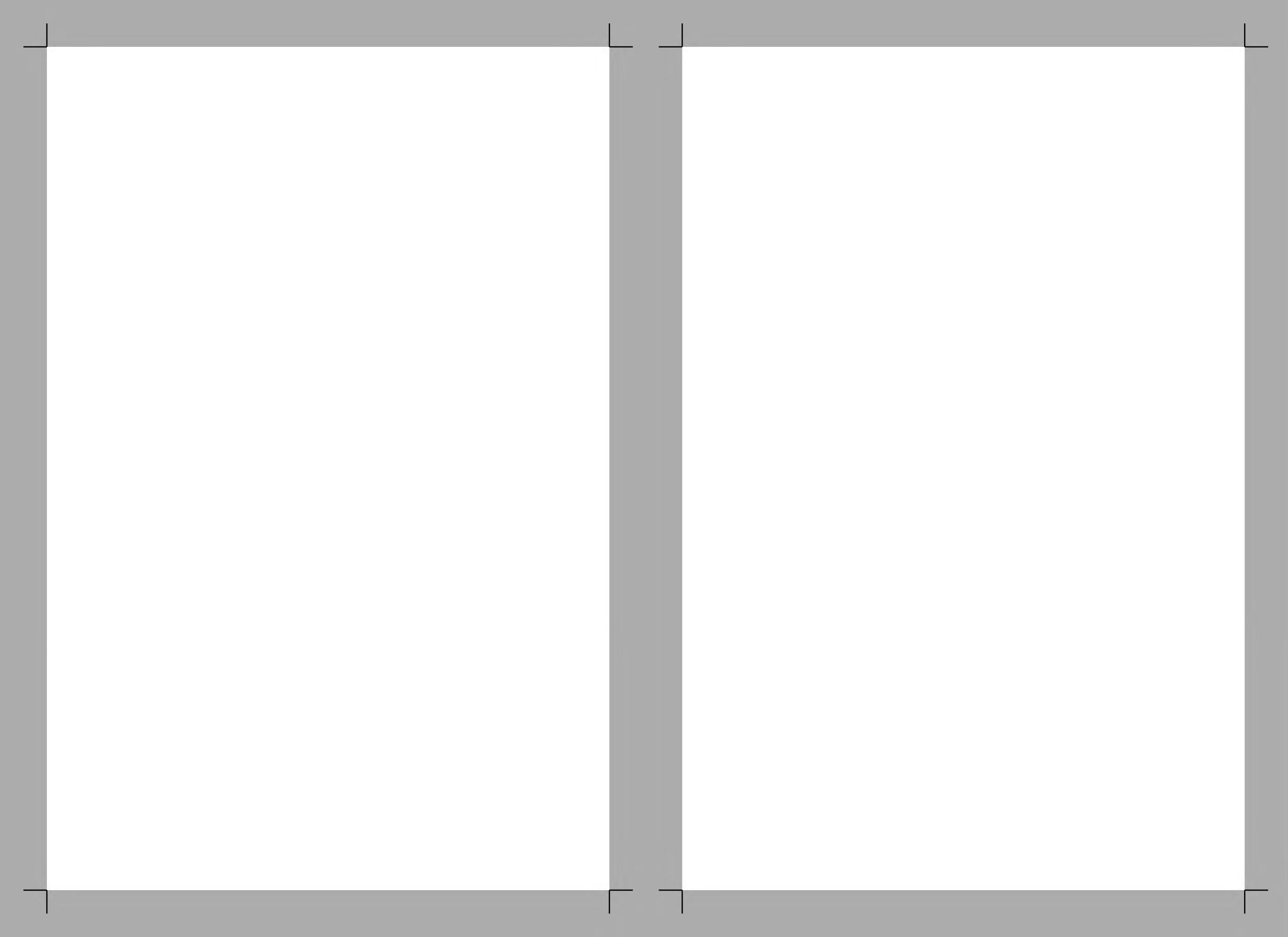
the children. There was another man with them who said that he was hired to drive one of the team of oxen.

**HIS BROTHER HAD BEEN SOWING TARES**  
By S. C. Turnbo

"One among the most amusing anecdotes that ever occurred at Huntsville Arkansas was while a protracted meeting was carried on by the Methodist people several years before the beginning of the war" said Ben Hager. In relating the story Mr. Hager said that the Berry brothers Hugh and John were noted men in their time. John was a Methodist preacher and was 6 feet tall and weighed 175 pounds. Hugh was a small man and weighed near 100 pounds and was 4 feet, 10 inches in height. He was such a little man in stature that he went by the name of "Bustle" Berry. He was a prominent merchant of Huntsville and was a jovial fun loving fellow. John Berry was a great meeting man and very strict in his religious belief and practice and held meeting very often in the town of Huntsville and in the country. Some of these services were protracted into days and weeks in length. One day John bought himself a new hymn book and he prized it so highly that he bought a nice silk handkerchief to keep the book wrapped up in and when he was not using the book he would keep it in his coat pocket and carry it around wherever he went. And when he would open up services he would take out the book and lay it on the book board and take hold of one corner of the handkerchief and flip it up which would unwrap the book in a quick way and fall on the board and he would put the handkerchief back into his coat pocket until he needed it to wrap up his book again. The preacher had done this so often in the presence of the congregation that every one present took notice to it and could not help smiling every time they saw him do so for it was amusing to them. One day while John was holding a protracted meeting in Huntsville his brother Hugh concluded he would enjoy some fun at his brothers expense at the first opportunity. One day after John had dismissed mid day services and had announced late afternoon services he wrapped his book up again and put it back in his coat

pocket being the warm season of the year he did not put his coat on and having some business in his brothers store he walked in and laid the coat down on the counter near his brothers writing desk. This was what Hugh wanted and he watched for his chance and had been waiting for it a long time. In a little while John left his coat on the counter and stepped out of the building onto the street to talk with a friend and brother in the church and as it happened no one else was in the store when John stepped out except the proprietor and he picked up his brothers coat and took out the book and unwrapped it and put the book in his desk and wrapped a brand new pack of cards up in the handkerchief and put it back in his brothers coat pocket and laid the coat back on the counter. Directly John come in and picked up his coat and went on to his residence. Hugh was afraid that he might want to sing a song or two at home before meeting time but he hoped not. When the hour arrived for services to begin Hugh put the hymn book in his pocket and went on to the church house and took his seat under the edge of the book board for he knew he could not get into a position to face his brother without laughing. Nearly all the congregation had assembled and his brother was sitting in the pulpit and when Hugh had come into the house he knew by his brothers looks that he had not as yet detected the trick he had played on him. In a little while John rose to his feet and began to talk and he did not say many words before he took the handkerchief out of his coat pocket with the supposed book wrapped up in it and laid it down on the book board as usual and taking one corner of the handkerchief in his fingers he gave it a quick jerk upward and exposed to view the whole deck of cards some of which dropped on the board and the remainder fell on the floor in front of the book board where the congregation had a fair view of the cards as they fell scattered around on the floor and on the board. The preacher was greatly amazed and the congregation not taking it in as it really was looked on with surprise and

astonishment. The preacher at first was dumbfounded but soon gained his usual composure and leaning back a moment against the wall of the house he stammered out, "Now my brothers sisters and friends. You see what my brother Hugh has done; He has been sowing more tares as usual". At this the congregation roared out in laughter and after the merriment of the audience had somewhat subsided Hugh Berry arose from his seat and took John Berry's hymn book out of his pocket and laid it on the board and walked out of the house in the midst of another outburst of laughter and after the people had quieted down again John went on with his discourse the same as if nothing had happened. On many occasions after this amusing incident occurred when Johns friends would meet him the first greeting would be something like this. "Well John has your brother Hugh been sowing any more tares?"



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